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## INFANT CLASS TEACHING[1]

### Its Place and Influence in the Sunday School

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So much attention has lately been given to the departmental side of Sunday school work, and especially in the sphere of 'primary' teaching, that it might seem at first sight the best course to leave the infants to the infants' teacher, as a problem which need not concern the rest of the school. But such an isolation is not fair either to the department or to the whole organisation. The departmental system itself aims at the better ordering of the whole through its graded parts. The little ones are soon to form the very framework of the junior and then of the senior grade; therefore what they are doing and learning *now* is surely of vital importance to the future of the school.

#### Why have Infant Classes?

Whether we call our 'nursery' section the infant class or the primary department matters, fortunately, very little for our present purpose. Our methods are sufficiently alike to allow ground for discussion. But before any point of method comes the first question—*why* have infant classes at all? Why, one may be asked, demand specially fitted teachers, special rooms, special apparatus suited for tiny children who are at first capable of little beyond being amused, and are probably sent to us by harassed mothers purely for the sake of a peaceful afternoon at home? Why not concentrate our resources upon those who can profit directly and definitely by our moral influence and doctrinal teaching? Is not adolescence, with all its special difficulties and temptations, more deserving of our efforts than this 'age of innocence'? Such questions are worth mentioning, because our answer to them will imply the view we take of infant class teaching and its importance.

Our first answer will certainly be the general one that *all* departments are necessary to the complete Sunday school, and it is only half a school if the little ones are not there. But, on a more detailed view, there are several strong reasons why the infant classes should receive even more, rather than less, attention than the older parts of the school. And the basis of all these reasons lies in the motto 'Begin at the beginning.'

#### Recruiting and Retaining

First, from the practical standpoint of increasing our numbers, recruiting is far easier among infants than among older scholars; and this for various reasons. Schools which have adopted the 'Cradle Roll' know how useful is this method of bringing in children from the first. The baby is enrolled from birth as a future scholar, and kept in mind till he enters the school. Of course the whole conception of the Cradle Roll connects it with an infants' department, and only through this with the rest of the school; its success is complete among the little ones, for I believe nothing interests the small child so much as a new baby, or is so much an object of pride to its owners and envy to their friends. It may be this envy, indeed, that

[1] Oxford Summer School, July 3, 1912.

will awaken in other children that general 'missionary spirit' which is so common among the infants. 'If we can't produce a baby, we will bring little friends from next door or from day school.' At any rate, this bringing of friends *is* more usual among infants than elsewhere in the school. Nobody will wish mothers to act in mere ignorance or carelessness; but it is quite natural that at this stage they should be chiefly anxious for their children to be with others whom they know, and whom they believe to be at least getting no harm from the school. Again, it is much easier to secure a child that has not previously attended a school than one that has sampled several and grown into desultory ways. In fact, the *habit* of Sunday-school-going is to be instilled as early as possible. We have found in our own school that as a rule the families which stayed with us longest were those which came at the earliest age, giving us each new member as soon as he was old enough to enter.

So, even if we asked no more than a full school, the infants' department might claim an important function. But no one wants a full school unless it is also good and effective. The small school may do quite as valuable work within its own 'short measures.' But in every school the infant class must bear a right proportion to the whole numbers, for it has other work to do than the mere supplying of scholars. Habits of thought and conduct, no less than habits of attendance, must be instilled at the age when habit counts for most.

### Teaching our Beliefs

We may consider first the question of 'teaching our beliefs'—not as the only, or even the chief, end of our work, but because the importance of early teaching here may easily be underrated. A serious problem in this connection is the conflict which must often arise between our statements and those of the day school teacher. This difficulty is always with us; even among the infants it needs careful treatment, lest a division of authorities should occur to the little mind that lives so much by authority. But the problem is far more pressing at a later stage, when the questioning tendency has begun in the scholar's mind, and criticism for its own sake may come only too naturally. Now so far as we have to face this discrepancy between our word and that of others, we are compelled to be controversialists in our teaching. It is not a reassuring word, but it corresponds to the facts. I believe a good many Sunday school workers would support such controversy as a very important part of our task as Unitarian teachers. For my own part I feel that the more *positive* and the less negative our message is, the better it will be—that our own wide and beautiful creed, standing on its own basis as what we *do* believe, is far more important to these children than what we do *not* believe while others do. Certainly so far as is possible, consistently with teaching these root-beliefs, I would postpone controversy to quite a late stage.

Now if our children have not only heard the statements of week-day teachers, but have also been through courses in other different Sunday schools before coming to us, our task is really made far harder. It might seem a simple thing to take other dogmas as a text and preach against them—to knock down and then to build upon the ruins. But there is real danger, to reverence, to the 'teachable' quality, and even to moral standards, in tampering thus with the accepted beliefs of even a young child. Our little converts will need wise treatment when they come in; but for the sake of our own school it is far better to have the 'clean slate' on which to write our own message. The unprejudiced mind is only found among little children; given these in our charge from the first, we can say our word in our own way, dealing tactfully with day-school difficulties as they arise, but never confronted with a wholesale revision. And so we can make the *positive* elements stand out in their proper superiority to the negative. The elder-class teacher who is most in earnest about teaching our beliefs will desire the support of an infants' department in which the foundations are being firmly laid.

### Belief in God—Reverence

What are these foundations? Every one of our great root-beliefs is fit to teach, and is now being taught, in our infant classes. The greatest of all especially may and *must* be presented, in a simple but true form, to the little ones. Their first thought of God is certain to have its effect upon all their later beliefs about him. The infants' teach-

er in our schools will speak continually, then, of a great wonderful power in the world, a marvellous care for each little detail, a revelation everywhere of the great Father and Mother of life, and above everything a *love* that is tender and wise and just to all. The problem of evil can wait for a while, if the certainty of good and love is made unmistakable to little minds just awaking to the wonder of the world. And especially let us try, in our infant classes, to sow the seeds of a *reverence* that later criticism and discussion will never uproot. I believe that our Sunday schools and our churches are in great need just now of added reverence. We allow ourselves too easily to slip into matter-of-fact ways of speech and action wherein we may rub the bloom off the most precious part of our religion—the sacredness of the relation between man and God. We even talk *about* God sometimes as if he were hardly more than an abstract subject for discussion. Emotionalism, sentimentality, and superstition may be harmful things ; but even granting that the over-intellectualism of much of our church life has anything to justify it, let us preserve to the *young* lives about us the simple reverence that is in them all by nature. Here the infants' teacher has a function all her own. The tone in which the little child is first taught to utter the great Name, and to speak of the great facts, may make a difference to that mind's attitude throughout a lifetime. Let that name be spoken always with a joyful awe, as something not terrible, indeed, but very holy. There is nothing more beautiful than the simple, fearless reverence of a tiny child so taught ; and the teacher who recognises this finds her own immensely increased. We talk of the ' reverence due to children ' in their innocence ; let us be sure too of the reverence due from both teacher and child to that which in its might and majesty puts them on one level of littleness. I have been greatly struck, in reading the life and letters of Lewis Carroll, by the constant evidence of his scrupulous reverence, both in dealing with child-life and in his general talk and habits. I believe his hatred of all sorts of profanity, even the most ' harmless,' sprang from the same source as his marvellous understanding of the child's outlook. And if anyone suppose that sweet reverence is incompatible with the fun and high spirits that we associate with childhood, Lewis Carroll may be our sufficient answer.

This, then, shall be one of the essentials in our teaching about God to the little ones. The right atmosphere in the infant class may make a difference to the whole school, counteracting all the tendencies to lightness and carelessness that may arise at a later age. I have dwelt on this point at some length because of its supreme importance.

### Prayer

Let us also, as we have opportunity, make *prayer* a simple and natural thing from the first—a ready access, without fear or mediation, of the little heart to a listening Father. If actual prayer enters into the class exercises, let it be as simple and genuine as possible. Here, again, we may be setting the tone and habit of a lifetime. These children may *not* be being taught at home to pray at a mother's knee ; let us see to it that this precious tradition is not left quite out of their lives by fault of ours.

### The Brotherhood of Man

I believe the next article in our ' creed ' is ' the brotherhood of man.' The infants are not too young to know something of sympathy and brotherliness. We must deal presently with the practical habits they are forming ; but the general aspects also may be brought home to very little children—something of the horrors of strife and the beauty of peace, and the blessing of the peacemakers. Whether by actual teaching or by implication and example, here too we are preparing a way for the teachers who succeed us.

### Jesus

As for the place of *Jesus* in our belief, it is a wonderful gain to have our simple thought of him instilled from the first. Day-school doctrine may trouble now and then, but far worse is the difficulty of replacing a carefully-taught ' orthodox ' system by our own human view of the Master. The infants' teacher who is wise will leave much of the life-history of Jesus for a later stage ; but she will let the children know and love stories of his childhood, his love of beautiful things, his kindness to the sick and poor and sad, some of the tales he told, and a little (only a little, here) about his faithfulness unto death. So, furnished with a human, living picture of him, they will

keep better, through all they may hear and think for themselves later on, their simple hero-worship for a *real* Jesus. In the 'sweet story of old' it was the little toddling children, not new-born babies, that were brought to Jesus; and the Master's word is 'Let them *come*,'—not 'be brought,' but come on their own little feet. Let this be a parable for us, that our children too may come to his knee because they see him and love him. As a very small child I was taught to recognise the figure of Jesus as '*the Good Man*.' Shall we not show him to the children first and foremost as 'good,' in every sense their minds can grasp?

### Rudiments of other Beliefs

The little child is interested in persons and things, not in abstractions. If we can give the infants a human picture of Jesus, a notion that loving is better than hating, and above all a reverent, happy consciousness of a Heavenly Father, we shall have done much to help our school. But other points of doctrine may also be prepared for here. The direct punishment of wrong, and the inevitable consequences of disobeying; the possibility of being sorry and beginning again; the rising up of life from seeming death, and the continual progress seen in nature;—all these are seeds, sown in childish minds, of a strong and living faith to come. Like the day-school teacher we may prepare, in real though in rudimentary ways, for the lessons which are to follow in higher classes.

### Intellectual Training—Reasoning—Interest

General habits, and attitude of mind, are just as important to the children's later progress as definite points of belief; and here the infants' teacher has no less power to serve the whole school. We may look first at some questions of intellectual training. We claim from our elder scholars a good deal of *reasoning*; we want them to arrive, if possible, at the 'why and wherefore' of things, and to account for their own thoughts and actions. Now surely in private 'Why?' and 'What for?' are the very watchwords of the small child; and although for class purposes these individual questions may have to be hushed, the infants' teacher may train this interest in cause and purpose so as to be a splendid instrument later on. The Socratic method of teaching by questions is far better used if we claim reasoning at every point than if we merely ask the children to give back facts already taught. Questioning should be not merely a test of remembered knowledge, but a development of the child's own powers. Of course one is sometimes baffled by the wrong answer, when the child's mind works in unexpected (and it may be undesired) ways; as when I spoke of a benevolent policeman whom I had seen holding a little lost boy by the hand, and asked, 'What was he going to do with the boy?' and one imaginative small girl, who had missed the point, said with fervour, '*Kill him*, teacher!' Such an embarrassing moment is probably the teacher's own fault for not making her points clearer; but in any case it shows that the child's mind is working, if in a way peculiar to itself, and often the wrong answer may throw a flood of light on home surroundings and limitations.[1]

The development of reason is of course impossible, among little children, without first securing a lively *interest* in the subject; and the habit of regarding Sunday school as a thoroughly interesting place ought to be implanted among the infants. There is far less danger of apathy or boredom later on if the youngest classes are kept bright and alive. A really happy infant class sets the tone of a whole school.

### Social Training—Helpfulness in Class

But the social training which may be begun in the infant class is even more important to the school than the intellectual. If we want a real *esprit de corps* in our school we shall save infinitely by beginning at the bottom. The little child is always eager to be doing things; 'Teacher, shall I?' is a familiar cry in the infants' room, and the desire to help has more often to be checked than stimulated. Now, before shyness and self-consciousness have set in, is the time to make it natural and usual to perform acts of helpfulness. An infant class which is passively orderly, and no more, augurs well perhaps for the sheer discipline of the whole school, but very ill for that really social spirit which ought to run through it.

It may be said that the little ones are

[1] A little boy of six, when I asked how he would spend a sum of money if he had it, replied promptly, '*Put it on a 'orse*.'

too young to help us, and must be tended as 'babies.' Of course the teacher must do many things herself, and grown-up responsibilities must not be imposed too early. But have we forgotten the absorbing busy-ness of our own nursery days, and above all the fascination of 'helping mother'—even though mother had to do the work again after us? It is a cruel wrong to the child and to society to debar him from the little services he may render. Such services are specially possible in the infant class owing to the more varied routine that prevails there. The giving out of hymn-books, where these are used, may perfectly well be entrusted to a child. For such a piece of routine duty it is well to follow a rota of helpers, perhaps according to the order of names in the register. Thus all will have a turn of helping, including the shyer and smaller ones, and also the *over*-readiness of a few may be checked. Unless the teacher has some definite plan, she may find herself allowing the same child to do the duty week after week, because he volunteers the most readily. The age of eager spontaneity is the age also to begin learning when to stand aside—'in honour preferring one another.'

This practice of serving in rotation should be applied to every duty within the children's scope—opening and closing doors, leading the line of march, and so forth. Never mind whether older helpers could do it better or more quickly; probably they could, but that is not the point. The point is that these little ones should realise, thus early, that the class is *their* affair and responsibility,—not 'Teacher's' performance only, but their own,—and that something is lost if they fail in their little task. In schools where there is a united assembly, this helpfulness may perhaps be further extended. In our own school one of the infants is set to hold the collection-box (surely every school has its collection for some charity) as the scholars go out; this institution is most popular with every one concerned, and the honour of box-holding is greatly coveted. By allowing such little services we are really building up in the children a true social sense; in fact their training in the very essence of citizenship may and should begin here in the infant class. Once again we may remind ourselves that children *like* to help where they can, and in fact are accustomed to multifarious little pieces of work at home. The smallest child can understand in some degree the lines—

> We'll bring the *little duties*
> We have to do each day.

Let them, then, bring some of these duties into Sunday-school itself.

### Care for Younger Children

This point of the real sense of responsibility in the small child brings us to another possibility of helpfulness. How often we must have noticed the air of protection, maternal anxiety or fatherly wisdom, which the really growing-up person of six or seven assumes towards the mere babe of three or four! Of course those two, three, or four years matter far more, just now, than many times the same interval at the later stage; in fact the ordinary infant class embraces wide differences of standard and growth. The slightly superior or bored attitude of the young person who is on the verge of 'big boys' or 'big girls' at day school is very natural indeed. 'What to do with our elder scholars' is a live problem within the infant class itself. But it may be easily solved by using this very sense of maturity, and this protective instinct of elder to younger, and by making the older infants guardians and helpers, in any degree, of the real babies. They will win a new interest in the class, and also a new insight into the joy of helping others. I have seen nothing prettier than the tender care of a small mother so constituted—or, less often, a small father. The little girl, with the maternal instinct already springing up, takes more readily to this special sort of helpfulness.

In some arrangements of the infants, and notably the Archibald system, a large supply of adult workers and much subdivision may make these little social duties harder to arrange for. So far, and in this respect, I rather mistrust any such system, believing that it is never too early to inculcate helpfulness. A child that can understand only the very rudiments of any lesson can yet grasp perfectly the idea of helping another in practice.

### Practical Work for Others

There is other social service of a definite kind quite within the range of infants.

With a small enough class the plan may be tried of giving a few minutes each week, say on Sundays before Christmas, to some joint work for other children less fortunate in hospital or orphanage or the like. My class and I have worked in this way on a scrap book, the scholars bringing pictures where possible, and *all* helping to put them in, reminding themselves meanwhile that this is all for 'the little children in the hospital.' Their interest is most keen, and no wonder, since it is *their* piece of work, and perhaps their first, for someone else.

### Discipline and Order

As for the more passive aspects of social life—conformity to order, obedience to command and signal—these are simply essential to the carrying on of an infant class, and cannot be left out of account. But we need not, because these things are indispensable to ourselves, overlook their importance to the whole school. Well-drilled infants mean in time better order throughout the school; and this sense of discipline is not 'mere routine,' but one of the greatest endowments we can give them. Self-restraint and orderly motion must be made not only a natural and instinctive thing with them—a habit acquired before its reasons are understood—but also, in some measure, a thing accepted for its beauty and fitness. Children easily learn, in some vague way, that order is better than disorder. We need not exclude happy freedom, for methods of rhythm and routine will attract them from the first as a new and delightful form of self-expression. When we see growing boys and girls whose tastes are crude, whose actions uncouth, whose voices loud and uncontrolled, and regret the difficulty of correcting these things, let us at least see to it that, where we *have* the chance of making the right start, that chance shall be well used. The infants are not too young for self-restraint, and it seems to me a great mistake to waste these precious years of growing habit on mere play without a strong element of discipline.

### Passive Influence—The Childlike Spirit

So far we have considered the work which is done within the infant class for the benefit of the whole school—the laying of foundations of thought and belief, of the social spirit and of self-restraint. But this is only a part of the influence which an infant class may exert; the rest of its power comes through its mere existence and presence. It ought to make an immense difference to any school that there *is* an infant class within it. There are certain qualities and points of view which the little child inevitably begins to lose as he grows up. We regret the physical change from chubby round babyhood to lanky, and perhaps awkward, middle childhood. 'What a pity they have to grow up!' is the mother's vain but pathetic cry. Teacher and mother both know that every stage of growth has its beauty, and that the awkwardness is only a symptom of development into something fuller and richer. But often the transition-stage does seem unattractive; and the same is true of the inward growth of children also. There comes a time when simple unreasoning acceptance, and ready action in answer to every suggestion, change to a critical tendency in thought and a self-consciousness in action which belong to the 'awkward age' of inner development. Later still comes the time of actual 'growing-up,' when childishness is the last reproach and maturity must be proved at all costs—the age at which too many schools lose their scholars. Far be it from an infants' teacher to underrate the difficulties of dealing with adolescent life; but I want to suggest that the infant class has some bearing on these problems of the whole school.

Just as the simple faith of childhood may safeguard the whole life of an individual, so I believe the mere presence of these tiny children in a Sunday school may safeguard its simple religion as a whole, and keep before the elder scholars some things which they might be in danger of losing. The constant reminder of their own early stages, the occasional return to childish hymn or lesson, and the assumption that here in worship oldest and youngest are but equal before a Greater One—all this may help very much to keep the growing ones a little humbler with all their wisdom, and save them the misfortune of growing altogether 'too old' for child's play and child's faith. A little too old they certainly will become; but they may grow much younger again later on, as most of us do. Meanwhile let the infants do their unconscious work.

### A United Sunday School

In this respect I greatly prefer to think of the *whole* school meeting together at some point of its session, and I feel some doubts as to a system which entirely separates the infants from the rest. This is controversial ground, of course; and in many schools sheer numbers may make such a division a necessity. The work of the different departments may then be splendidly—perhaps all the better—done; and it may be said that the elder scholars will stay on better if they are *not* 'mixed up with the babies' in a common assembly. It seems a pity if they must be placated by a total cleavage; but there is that point of view. I myself have the mixed advantage of belonging to a small school, in which all are united in the opening and closing exercises; and it seems to me that the school which never lets in its infants must be rather like the house in which the small children are always kept in the nursery. Probably it is a delightful and well-equipped nursery, and the other rooms are ideally tidy and peaceful; but somehow one would prefer a *home*, where at some time of the day there is a real 'children's hour.' In our churches we are glad to have 'young men and maidens, old men and children' praising and praying together; then let us not altogether segregate the little ones from what is really the children's church. They will value the privilege of admission, and all alike will benefit by it. If such an assembly cannot be managed every Sunday, the school may—as many now do—hold at longer intervals a united service. The singing, all together, of some *simple* hymn may help greatly on these occasions; and Brooke Herford's 'Lead us, Heavenly Father' is perhaps the most beautiful I can suggest.

In other ways too the presence of the infants may help the older scholars. Every opportunity of caring for these little ones, whether as definite 'assistants' or not, will bring out their own powers of protection and gentleness. As in the infant class itself, so in the whole school the elder and stronger should be set to help the younger and weaker. It is good to see the elder scholar leading in the tiny one, or some little child waiting, at the end, for the honour of going home with big brother. Surely we may here be doing a real work to strengthen family affection in our scholars' homes.

### The Hope of our Calling

In all these ways, then, the infant class takes its place in the Sunday school. It may recruit and retain scholars, may lay the foundations of belief, intellectual power, social service and true discipline, and by its unconscious appeal may keep before elder scholars the simplicity and faith of childhood, and call forth their best instincts of protective care. It holds within it, above all, the promise of the future. It is hard to speak fittingly of the wonderful possibilities of these lives which are entrusted to us, for a while, at the time which may count for most of all in their development. The thought of what may lie before these children ought not to lose its power for us because it has become a commonplace among teachers. 'Thou, child, shall be called the prophet of the Most High'—prophet to us now unconsciously, perhaps great and true prophet to the world in time to come. *Prospice* is the motto beneath the children's window[1]—'Look forward' to what shall be. It is a thought to make us pause and humble ourselves, and then go forward again to our work—'for fair is the prize, and great the hope.'

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## A GOOD GUIDE

ELIZABETH WILSON

There is a voice which speaks to all,
Who would find out the way
Of perfect peace, and life, and joy,
And everlasting day.

It is so low, yet full of power,
To those who heed its call,
And prove its strength in any hour
When they are apt to fall.

Some call it Conscience, others 'God
Who speaks within the soul':
Some say 'The Voice of Duty,'
And others, 'Self Control.'

Whate'er its name, those who have tried
To follow where it leads,
Have proved its worth, and left behind
Some traces of their deeds.

March bravely forward with this friend,
In sunshine or in gloom,
And you shall conquer in the end
With Life beyond the tomb.

[1] Jesus blessing the children, in Manchester College Library, Oxford.

## A VOTE OF CONFIDENCE

GEORGE J. ALLEN

A VOTE of confidence in Mr. Asquith might mean much, or it might mean little. It might be the spontaneous expression of his Party's loyalty, or it might be induced by the pressure of the Whips, and it might imply either that the majority of the House had confidence in Mr. Asquith, or that they had no confidence in Mr. Bonar Law. It was quite obvious in our case that no considerations of this sort were involved, and the vote of confidence—spontaneous and entirely unsolicited as it was—gave us, therefore, all the greater pleasure. It was not as though it were accorded by fledglings, either. On the contrary, they were quite oldish birds, experienced in the ways of the world, and with a considerable knowledge of our comings-in and our goings-out.

The laurel-hedge forms a screen right against the back-door, and all the day long we are brushing against it as we pass in and out of the garden. Imagine our surprise, then, when we first caught sight of the nest in the heart of the laurels. It was almost completed before we caught a glimpse of it, but once having done so it seemed impossible to pass without seeing it, and we marvelled that the birds should have built in such an exposed position. Before long the nest was completed: the inner walls were plastered, and the home was as cosy a little place as any pair of mating thrushes could desire—and cosier by far than the homes of many mating humans.

It was a great joy to us that the thrushes should have chosen to build so near to us, for we love the birds and it is a pain to us when they hold us in fear. We watched them daily and longed for the time when their eggs should be laid. We did not let our little one know anything about it. It was a little secret not to be revealed until we could show her the hungry little beaks outstretched for the food that the parents would bring. But, alas, before that time came, visitors arrived at our home. The birds grew alarmed at the increased traffic by the laurels, and at last, thoroughly unnerved, deserted the nest they had built with such care and hurried away to erect a hasty dwelling elsewhere. We can only hope now that when the house is quiet and spring comes round again they may return and show that we ourselves have not forfeited their confidence although they may have felt unable to trust our visitors.

It makes me feel sad when 'my little brothers and sisters, the birds,' as St. Francis would call them, flee from me as an enemy. Nothing delights me more than when they realise that I am willing to co-operate with them in the work of the garden and consent to go about their business untroubled by my presence. I had a great friend once, one Robin by name. All through a spring and a summer we worked and chatted side by side. He would wait for me on the fence until I appeared in the morning, and then, chirping a cheery 'how-d'ye-do,' would join me on my round of the garden. Such close companions were we that more than once as I lifted a spadeful of earth he darted into the hole I had made after some choice morsel, keeping me waiting until he chose to emerge once more. He would come into the house, too, to seek crumbs in the larder, and on one occasion perched on the window and talked to me while I had my bath.

In our many conversations we traversed many themes, varying from the choice of waistcoats (I delighted in the bright warmth of his scarlet as the colder days drew near) to the problem of pain, and always I found him the same cheery philosopher. I put many a hard question to him and received many a sage reply. When he could not find an answer he would put his wise little head on one side and chirp, 'Love and hope, love and hope, love and hope.' When the frosts came and the ground was iron-bound I made a point of turning over a few spadefuls of earth so that he might get a little fresh food to accompany the crumbs that we gave him. He was very grateful, and I honestly think that he regarded me as a real chum.

Late in the autumn he disappeared for a week or so, and I missed him more than I can say, for just then I had particular need of his cheery philosophy. But much as I missed him I would rather he had never come back to me, for when he did return and I went to meet him with a joyful welcome on my lips he flew away from me. I resorted to many devices, but he always contrived to keep his distance, and it was long before I got near enough to see what

had happened to him. Then I discovered that he had lost a leg. I had heard from time to time a good deal of firing in the copse near at hand. I should never dream of accusing anyone of deliberately shooting a robin, though I do remember a man showing me the warm body of a blackbird that he had shot and plucked, but I felt sure from my old friend's fear even of me that he had lost his leg at the hands of a human.

Robin seemed to find it painful work hopping about on one leg, but it was not only the limb that was gone, but his faith in man and life also. His heart was broken. He had trusted and he had been deceived. Henceforth there was no joy in life for him. He perched about and moped, seeming to want the heart even to seek his food. Before long he disappeared altogether. Somewhere he crept away and laid him down to die, glad now to leave the life he had once been so glad to live. I wish I could have found his body. He should have had Christian burial, and if a human tear had dropped upon his grave perhaps it might have gone some way towards blotting out the human offence that led to his end.

There was a touch of cynicism and a tinge of bitterness—as likely as not merely assumed—in that motto of The Great Lafayette: 'The more I see of men the more I love dogs.' At the same time I will admit, without either bitterness or cynicism, that, much as I value the confidence of a human, to win the trust of a birdie brings at least as sweet a glow to me and makes the whole earth smile in tenderness.

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LIGHT.—A man sat down before a certain little picture to discover how it was made. It was worked in one colour throughout. But they showed him a copy in another colour. And yet another. No microscope could show the mark of a brush. No pencil could have drawn the lines. He could recall no tool of the engraver that could work at the same time such sharpness and such softness. And at length they had to tell him that Light had worked the mystery. Light had printed all the varied copies. Light had made an original, from which they were taken. Light, in infinity of depths and tones, had changed the waiting silver, drawn it by unknown ways into shape and being. From loose and fluid aimlessness it emerged, through Light, a form of lasting beauty. This action of Light is the action of Love also. For Love plays upon the disordered elements and seems to change their very nature. —*Edgar Daplyn.*

# HEROES OF FAITH

## ALBERT THORNHILL, M.A.

### William Ellery Channing

We might well expect that the country peopled by the Pilgrim Fathers, and by the followers of George Fox, the country that gave a warm welcome to Dr. Priestley in his forced exile, would be quite capable of producing HEROES OF FAITH of its own. Among the noblest of these heroes the name of Dr. Channing takes high rank. Indeed a watchful visitor who recently attended many churches in various parts of the United States declares that 'everybody now preaches the doctrines held by Dr. Channing.' How very different was the condition of things in America less than one hundred years ago!

If we had been living in Boston, U.S.A., in the year 1815 we should have heard men using very bitter words at the mere mention of the name of William Ellery Channing, then minister of Federal Street Church in that city, and one of the gentlest and most lovable of men. Why then were men so bitter? Deep down in their hearts they loved the man, and were proud of the noble work he had done among the poor and sinful in the city slums. He was, too, a most persuasive preacher, and, Sunday by Sunday, his church was filled by men of light and leading in the city. For these, and other reasons, Boston was proud of Mr. Channing. But he had just taken a step that surprised and angered many of his friends. He had

### Avowed Himself a Unitarian

and had written and spoken in defence of his faith which had been attacked in a newspaper called the *Panoplist.* It was a very coarse attack. Unitarians were held up as criminals, heretics, and hypocrites.

William Ellery Channing had never until now called himself by a sectarian name. He found enough to preach about in his grandly simple faith in the love and holiness of God, and in 'the perfect life' of Jesus Christ, who showed men what they might all become by obedience to God's indwelling spirit. And by his faithful proclamation, and his exemplary life he had won many from belief in the harsh doctrines of man's fallen nature and fearful doom.

But there were men in Boston who had for some time past been interested in the Unitarian movement, set going in England by Dr. Priestley and Theophilus Lindsey. These men realised that they must break with the dogmas of past days. They sometimes attacked these old dogmas in ways that Mr. Channing did not approve, though he agreed very largely with their opinions. Then came the bitter charges of the *Panoplist*, and Mr. Channing's brave act in taking upon himself the names by which Unitarians were branded. Thus began a fight between the old and the new ideas of God, and life, and duty, which lasted many years. All through that fight William Ellery Channing strove with all his might to bring men back to the simple teaching of Jesus, from which the dogmatists had strayed. He did not wrangle, or get cross ; he simply tried to make men realise that they could love and trust their God and Father, and do his will by walking in the steps of Jesus. His earnest words were carried far and wide by the printing press. They were translated into foreign languages, and brought comfort and hope to thousands in remote places, who beforetime had feared God instead of loving him, and had felt that it was utterly hopeless for them to win salvation.

From that time to the close of his life William Ellery Channing was the honoured leader of American Unitarians, and his name is held in reverence by thousands in many lands even unto this day, because he was brave enough to stand up for truth when there were few to defend it and many were attacking it.

### Channing's Boyhood

This is only one of many incidents in the life of William Ellery Channing that makes him worthy to be enrolled among the heroes of faith. His whole life was full of heroic exploits, though to himself his acts seemed like the simple duties of every day. When quite a little boy he had been known to thrash a much bigger lad because he had used his greater strength to tease a much smaller boy. Not that he loved fighting ; he was ever a peacemaker, but he could not endure to see others suffer undeserved wrongs. As a child in his island home at Newport, he had played at preaching, and had dreamed of being a minister. It seemed quite possible for him to realise his dream then, for his father was a successful lawyer, greatly honoured, and all seemed plain sailing for the promising lad. But when he was fourteen years old his father died, leaving a large family, and William and his eldest brother Francis made up their minds to do their best to relieve their mother of her heavy burdens.

Meanwhile William had been sent to an uncle at Connecticut to be trained as a lawyer. His childhood's dream seemed to have been forgotten. But it came back in a curious way not long afterwards. Relatives had sent him to study for ' the law ' at Harvard College. There he was surrounded by all kinds of temptations, but he steadily pursued his own course, and with a few trusty friends held aloof from all the careless idlers who wasted their golden days in self-indulgence.

### His Vow

One day as he was walking in the college meadows reading a book on the virtue of benevolence, the great question came to him : What should he do with his life ? The book he had been reading told of the eternal ideas of truth, and love, and duty which God has placed in man's heart. Thinking of these things William Ellery Channing realised that God intends all his children to become saints and heroes, and that through these voices he constantly speaks to them of heavenly things. How, then, can God hate man ? How can he condemn man to eternal wrath ?

O for the power to tell men of the love of God ; for the gift of tongues that will awaken men to the grandeur of their own God-ordained destiny !

This was Ellery Channing's call. He must speak for God !

But how prepare himself for his mission ? He had studied law, not theology. And now the time had come for him to earn his own living. Well, he would do it !

He went to Virginia, one of the Slave States, as tutor to the children of a rich slave-owner. From his small stipend he saved money to buy books, and did all he could to discipline his will. He who has to lead others must first be able to control himself. So Ellery Channing practised self-discipline to such a degree that he became worn and ill. When nearly two

years had passed he returned to his Newport home. There for a time he helped his younger brothers and sisters in their studies; but Harvard divinity school seemed no nearer. Happily in 1802, when he was twenty-two years old, a vacant post was offered to him which enabled him to study for the ministry free of cost. A year later his studies were completed. He was a minister waiting for his summons to a field of service. Two calls came. One from a well established fashionable church in Boston; the other from a small wooden church in Federal Street with a meagre congregation. This he accepted and in 1803 began a ministry there which lasted till his death.

'Now, William,' said his mother, 'I must give you up.' But William remembered the vow that he and Francis had made that whoever was first able, should offer a home to their mother. Soon Mrs. Channing received a warm request to come and bring the children to live with William in the minister's house of Federal Street Church, as it was altogether too big and lonely for himself.

How fine a thing to be able to make a kindness to others seem like a boon to one's self!

That was William Ellery Channing's way all through life. He always put others' welfare before his own.

### The Champion of Liberty

We have seen how he behaved in the Unitarian controversy. Here is another example of his self-forgetful championship of an unpopular cause.

A young man named William Lloyd Garrison had begun to print a paper in Boston, called the *Liberator*. In it he wrote strong and burning words against the horrible crime of slavery which was prevalent in half of the American States. Now William Ellery Channing had seen the dreadful results of slavery during his stay in Virginia, and this made him long for its abolition. But he did not like many of the bitter personal attacks which were made upon the planters by those who had resolved to break slavery down. These attacks aroused resentment in the Slave States, and soon the angry demand came to the authorities in Boston to stop Lloyd Garrison from printing his paper. The young printer was summoned before the court, consisting of the leading citizens of Boston. Alone, unknown, he faced them, with none to plead his cause, and the cause of the slaves. There came a knock at the courthouse door. Dr. Channing entered. Men of influence made room for him. A moment he stood still, thinking. Then he went straight to Lloyd Garrison, shook him by the hand, and sat down by his side. The *Liberator* was saved.

### A Brave Leader

Still Dr. Channing hesitated to join the anti-slavery party. There were so many people connected with it who habitually said harsh things of the slave-owners; things which seemed likely, if persisted in, to provoke war. He was pressed to join the movement but held aloof, lest he should seem to approve violence. One day when he was complaining in this way of the reckless conduct of the campaign, a friend said: 'Well, Dr. Channing, God works with such instruments as he can find. He has called to the work mighty leaders of men, and they have not answered. . . . Look to it, sir, for the work in the Master's vineyard will surely be done. Is it not time, sir, that you spoke?'

The rebuke went home. Dr. Channing could not deny the justice of the reproof. He *had* kept silence too long. He must speak. The great anti-slavery cause had found a leader. How he led! How he spoke and wrote, and made the land ring with the shame of men wearing shackles, being driven by other men, and bearing burdens like cattle. Now, it was the proposal to add a new slave state to the Union that aroused his opposition. That must be prevented at all costs; now it was the liberty of the press that was at stake, and Boston must be aroused to defend it. Friends turned against him because of his campaign; he was publicly accused of leading a revolution; his own church, in which he had ministered all his career, was refused him when he wished to speak against this national wrong. These things pained him, but he felt the inward peace which comes to those who are faithful to the voice of God, that speaks in every human soul.

Moreover, he had the love and reverence of many worthy friends to encourage him. Here is a poem written by Henry Wadsworth Longfellow which shows how power-

fully Dr. Channing's writings influenced thoughtful people everywhere :—

The pages of thy book I read,
And as I closed each one,
My heart responding ever said,
'Servant of God! well done!'

Well done! Thy words are great and bold;
At times they seem to me
Like Luther's in the days of old,
Half-battles for the free.

Go on, until this land revokes
The old and chartered lie,
The feudal curse, whose whips and yokes
Insult humanity.

A voice is ever at thy side,
Speaking in tones of might,
Like the prophetic voice, that cried
To John in Patmos: 'Write!'

Write! and tell out this bloody tale;
Record this dire eclipse,
This day of wrath, this endless wail,
This dread Apocalypse!

### Too Late

These powerful words were written by the poet in October, 1842, at sea. He did not know that the brave leader's voice was silenced, his earthly career ended. Dr. Channing had died on the second of the month from an attack of typhoid fever, caught just after addressing a meeting on the anniversary of the freeing of 800,000 West Indian slaves by England.

Others had to carry the banner of liberty to victory in the United States of America, through dreadful strife and civil war, from which the peace-loving nature of Dr. Channing would have turned with sorrow.

But who knows? There are some wrongs so terrible that they must be rooted out at all costs! And Dr. Channing was always 'young for liberty.'

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## THE TEACHING OF JESUS

G. C. SHARPE

A Paper intended to introduce discussion at the Summer School of Manchester District Sunday School Association, 1911.

In religious Liberalism, so far as Jesus is concerned, interest has centred chiefly in his teaching. By an accident of religious development the stress in orthodoxy has always been laid upon his personal claims.

### A New Interpretation

Now, hitherto, it has seemed only too obvious that Liberalism had chosen the eternal, and therefore the better, portion of Jesus. *What* he was could in any case best be understood through a knowledge of what he said, and could even be perfectly understood if one might assume that he practised what he preached. *But* now there is threatened a transvaluation. *What* he *was* is said to be the main thing; what he said is somewhat doubtful as to quantity, and certainly of doubtful interpretation. For this the growing emphasis upon the eschatological ideas of Jesus—on his belief in the approaching dissolution of the world—is chiefly responsible. In the words of Schweitzer, the ethics of the New Testament are to be considered

### 'interim ethics.'

Jesus, Schweitzer tells us, was guided throughout all the activities of his ministry by the conviction that the end of the existing order was at hand. So near was it that his messengers would scarcely have time to make the round of the cities of Galilee before the Son of Man appeared. So that both the popular estimate of Jesus as, in the language of Matthew Arnold, a sweetly reasonable philosopher distilling day by day an eternal body of practical rules, vanishes before a new conception of him as a mysterious, forceful and self-willed prophet, to whom the exigencies of the temporal world were as nothing, and for whom the idea of ordinary development and historical continuity no longer existed.

In this paper, then, I should like to view some of the teachings of Jesus under the eschatological hypothesis. In doing so I do not wish to claim for the theory absolute validity. My position is the much less ambitious one, though it must in part be true, and that *some* of the teachings of Jesus may be better understood in the light it throws, than in any other light. Whether it is comprehensive enough to include every single utterance of Jesus is another matter. There are probably sayings which owe their existence to the sheer moral insight of Jesus, and if he were the massive personality which the eschatological view specially claims him to have been, there may be inconsistencies such as one expects in really great men. The main question is whether the teaching of Jesus still retains authorita-

tiveness, and is in any sense valid for succeeding generations. If the above hypothesis is true one can scarcely look for detailed support for this or that social or ethical proposal arising out of circumstances foreign to his time; but it may be possible to find in him a species of guidance so much the more timeless because of the timeless atmosphere in which he spoke.

### The Beatitudes

It will not seem inappropriate to begin with the Beatitudes, regarding them in the light of the ordinary interpretation, and then in that of Schweitzer. In the words of Montefiore, who may be regarded as here representing the ordinary view, 'The beatitudes form a suitable and noble opening for the great sermon. . . . They pitch the key. We are to hear about the right morality and the true religion for those who are to be 'happy' in their poverty and affliction, and "happy" in their meekness and mercy.' In this view there is a causal connection between poverty of spirit, or even poverty itself, and happiness; between mournfulness and comfort; between meekness and the possession of the earth, and so on. If one is to be pitied, one must be pitiful; and in order to be called sons of God we must be peacemakers. The key in which life is here pitched is a minor key. Those who affirm that Christianity is world-renouncing have here not insubstantial grounds for saying so. Moreover, the difficulty presents itself that these virtues are to be practised not as permanent ideals, but because they are self-negating. Only be poor enough and you shall possess largely, even the Kingdom of Heaven; mourn and ye shall rejoice; be humble and the earth shall be yours. Taken as ethical standards and criteria, they set what we voluntarily undertake in a sort of contradiction to what we aspire after. As if one should say to a youth, that the very best way in which to have money to spend in old age is to save it while one is young.

### World-renouncing Policies

are among the most dubious and difficult of all moral policies, and its identification with them in theory has done more than any other of its characteristics to make Christianity a problem to the conscientious thinker. There are so many obvious advantages which it counsels us to forego—civilisation, in any really concrete sense, among them. And civilisation despite its costliness is a good. Moreover, the difficulties in which this interpretation of the beatitudes involves all who incline to a realistic treatment of the teaching of Jesus are only too apparent. Montefiore's case may be taken by way of illustration. In other portions of his treatment of the Gospels he is careful to shew how closely akin to current Jewish ideas are the ideas of Jesus. This is very especially the case, he thinks, with regard to his conception of the kingdom. Christ's conception of the kingdom, he assures us, differed but slightly from that of the Rabbis. He quotes with approval Father Tyrrell, who says 'The kingdom of the Messianic age was something other than a mere belief in human progress. It meant a regular break and cleavage from the conditions of the present . . . for an order of transcendental experience in which sorrow, pain, temptation, and sin shall be done away.' And he adds that Jesus seemed to think the kingdom would be a local one. Its inhabitants would be flesh and blood like ourselves. Eating and drinking would be a feature of it. In all this he is the typical Jew of his day. But in view of such a conception we are bound to admit that the kingdom is a state of things in which it ceases to be the rule that the poor are blessed *in* their poverty. They are simply fortunate in once having been poor. They do not embody a world policy. It cannot be deduced from the beatitudes that poverty is incumbent upon mankind in general except on a strictly other-worldly view of life, and an other-worldly view was not in the mind of the Master when he uttered these words.

Let us consider the sayings, then, from

### The Eschatological Point of View.

Schweitzer says, 'It may seem to us inconceivable, but they—the beatitudes—are really predestinarian in form. Blessed are the poor in spirit! Blessed are the meek! Blessed are the peace-makers—that does not mean that by virtue of their being poor in spirit, meek, peace-loving they deserve the kingdom. Jesus does not intend the saying as an injunction or exhortation, but as a simple statement of fact: in their being poor in spirit, in their meekness, in their love of peace, it is made manifest that they are predestined to the king-

dom. By the possession of these qualities they are marked as belonging to it. In the case of others (Matt. v. 10, 12) the predestination to the Kingdom is made manifest by the persecutions which befall them in this world. These are the light of the world, which already shines among men for the glory of God.'

'The kingdom cannot be "earned"; what happens is that men are called to it, and shew themselves to be called to it. On careful examination it appears that the idea of reward in the sayings of Jesus is not really an idea of reward, because it is relieved against a background of predestination.'

To very many this will sound a little too continental in its thoroughness. And it is undeniable that Schweitzer applies his hypothesis with headlong zeal. Perhaps some would even prefer to be left midway between an acceptance of the old view and the new one, or remain in a state of mild uncertainty as to the exact meaning of the beatitudes. But we have to remember the age-long challenge of these words to the practical sense of Christendom, and make up our minds as to the extent of their authority. Were they spoken with a reference to something about to happen, or were they spoken to a world in which a gradual spiritual development is the law of life? In the latter case, are we sure we know the exact ascetic vigor implied in them, or do we know their meaning at all? But now, if the words, as Schweitzer says, relate to a definite event which was imminent, and signify for those who possess the qualities named a place, an already assigned place, in the new order, they are not so very mysterious. The only remaining question would be how to account for the fact that such world renouncing qualities as poverty, meekness, and hunger should be known as signs of membership in the kingdom. And at this point we come across

**An Underlying Kinship**

between the view which exalts these things into ethical ideals, and the view which treats them as predestinarian signs. For there is the singular fact that Jesus expects throughout his ministry so little from what we should now call the successful classes. The custodians of Jewish religion, the scribes and pharisees, and the wealthy classes he seems to have treated on the whole as negligible quantities. And there must have been some moral bias at the base of his selection for promotion of the downtrodden and despairing classes. Even a predestinarian will not decide arbitrarily as to what he thinks an evidence of election. So Jesus, granted that he held the catastrophic view of the kingdom and a predestinarian conception to boot, looking around him for those bearing the sign of election, must have made his choice in accordance with a moral preference. He preferred the outcast classes. With this difference, however, that one is at liberty to regard his preference as conditioned by the times in which he lived and the influences which had resulted in such violent social contrasts. Jesus was not out to defend the existing order. His keynote was repentance. His proclamation was that the old order was fast perishing, and that a new order in strong contrast to it was imminent. Why should he think that those who had profited most by the old order were most likely to be found in the new? It was only in so far as the new resembled the conditions which had favoured them hitherto that they were likely to want it. No social reformer in any age expects the impulse towards reform to come from those who profit by the existing order. And while Jesus does not seem to look for the ascent of the kingdom from below, or to result from the moral strivings of mankind, but rather to descend at the will of God, it is not unnatural that he should have fixed upon those who were wretched under the old spiritual and social regime as specially marked for advancement in the new. But this is widely different from proclaiming social failure as an ethical *sine qua non* in any conceivable state of the world. The whole subject is full of difficulty, but those who arbitrarily regard Christianity as synonymous with voluntary poverty and self-effacement are probably acting without due regard to all the facts surrounding the origin of the beatitudes and the entire ministry of Jesus. At any rate, I must remind you once more that there is no evidence at all that Jesus regarded oppression and want as a permanent ideal of life. What are virtues before the change comes to pass would no longer exist after it came to pass. And this would seem to be the proper reading of the beatitudes on either interpretation.

# WILLIAM CAREY, MISSIONARY

W. H. CARPENTER

William Carey was born in the first year of the reign of George III, 1761, the son of a weaver who was also parish schoolmaster and clerk of the church at Paulerspury near Northampton. At the age of twelve he was apprenticed to a shoemaker, and worked at that trade for a dozen years, during which time he learned Latin, Greek, and Hebrew, and also became an accomplished botanist. That shoemaker's shop was Carey's school and college. Over his work, or trudging the country to carry it home, or teaching the children after his work was done, or preaching at a country chapel for £10 per annum he was feeling the impulse for his life-work, and to gain information he read and re-read *Cook's Voyages*, first published in 1773. On the wall of his shop hung a map of the world shewing the climate, population, and religion of every country. What leisure he had, at early morning or late at night, was devoted to writing on this, the subject nearest his heart. His ardent advocacy of the missionary duty was met with 'cold water.' He was told in public: 'Young man, sit down; when God pleases to convert the heathen he will do it without your aid or mine.'

In the year 1792, however, twelve Baptist ministers met at Kettering and formed a Missionary Association. Then came the question, to what country should they direct their efforts. After much discussion India was fixed upon. One of them wrote afterwards: 'There seems to be a gold mine in India, but it is deep as the very centre of the earth.' But who would go to India? Many ties bound them to home and kindred which it would be very hard to break. At last Carey volunteered. 'I will go down the mine,' he said, 'but remember, you must hold the ropes.' They all promised to support him in his endeavour, but this the first step did not overcome all difficulties. His wife for a long time refused to go with him; his father said, 'Is William mad?' A bishop had asserted in the House of Lords that the nation was guilty of a crime which tried to bring its religion to the knowledge of another nation. The East India Company regarded 'the sending of Christian missionaries to India as the most extravagant, most expensive, and most unwarrantable project that was ever proposed by a lunatic-enthusiast.'

Our particular 'lunatic-enthusiast' got ready to start, but at the last moment the captain of the ship refused to take him because he had not a licence from the Company. He sailed in the end in a Danish ship; but though he settled down nominally as an indigo planter, the feeling against his real work was so strong that he was forced to take refuge at a Danish settlement, Serampore, and here it was that he lived and died, preaching the gospel and translating the scriptures. For more than thirty years he carried on his missionary labours, and his two partners in the early work were William Ward, a printer whom he had brought with him, and Joshua Marshman, a bookseller's boy, who had resolved that, though a shop drudge, he too would do some work for God in the world.

It was uphill work. For seven years he worked before making a convert. Then two pronounced themselves ready for baptism. One lost heart on the eve of the ceremony, but on 28th December, 1800, Dr. Carey led down his son Felix and one native, Krishna Pal, to baptise them in the river Hoogly. Danish troops lined the streets to protect them from violence, and the fear of his danger drove his wife mad, and her screams were clearly heard as they made their way to the river.

Why did he bring a printer with him? Dr. Carey knew that while a missionary may die, the printed word will remain, and he had always in view to translate the Bible into the native languages. He set up a printing press, but the natives regarded it as the Christians' idol and attempted to destroy it. He was forbidden to circulate copies in the East India Company's territory, but he persevered, and in 1801 his translation of the New Testament was printed. In 1810 he wrote to his father: 'The translation of the scriptures into several of the oriental languages is a work which lies near my heart and in which I employ all the time I possibly can. Through the mercy of God the Bengali translation is wholly printed off. I am now busy translating it into Sanskrit. The New Testament was printed in that language last year, and I hope the Pentateuch

will be published by the end of the present year. I finished the book of Numbers this morning and began Deuteronomy. We are now printing the Bible in Sanskrit, Hindustani, Oorissa, Chinese, Mahratta, and the language of the Sikhs, besides a second edition of the Pentateuch in Bengali, and hope ere long to begin printing in the Telinga and Kerenata languages, for which we are casting types. . . . Felix and Bro. Chater are now employed in translating the scriptures into the Burman language.'

Residence in India brought many troubles in the way of sickness, but the work was maintained in spite of all. In 1812 he wrote to his sister Ann: 'We have been afflicted but mercy attends the church and interest of God. I believe this mission has now branched out into nine or ten churches and will probably branch out into two or three more. Some of these are small but others considerably large. . . . These churches have been blessed with sending out thirteen or fourteen ministers who now labour in the work with more or less of success.'

Again, after an illness, he wrote to her: 'Through Divine mercy I am now able to resume my wonted pursuits. The translation and printing of the scriptures go forward as fast as can reasonably be expected, and the Lord is continually adding to his Church, so that we have very great encouragements in our work, and I trust the time is coming on as rapidly as circumstances can admit when the truth of the Lord shall be spread to every country under heaven.'

Towards the end of his life he wrote: 'I yesterday finished revising the new edition of the sacred scriptures in Bengali. It is now printed in one volume about the size of the Cambridge Bible, and is very neat. It has long been wanted, and there is scarcely anything for which I desired to live a little longer so much as for that.'

His translation brought the scriptures within the reach of two hundred millions of human beings.

In his early years in India he had been the first to protest against the practice of Sutti—the burning of the widow on the funeral pyre of her husband. Thirty years later as Translator of the Regulations for the Governor-General, he translated into Bengali the decree abolishing the practice.

His last words to a brother in the work were: 'Mr. Duff, you have been saying a great deal about Dr. Carey; when I am gone, don't speak of Dr. Carey, speak of Dr. Carey's Saviour.'

The Bishop of Calcutta said of Dr. Carey in 1900: 'He had been forty-one years in India and had never gone home. As he was wont to say himself, he had set his hand to the plough and he would not look back. He had come alone, he had borne sorrow and privation by himself, he had lived to see twenty-six churches erected as the result of his ministry and forty ministers serving in them.'

Once he was dining with the Governor-General of India and overheard another guest inquire somewhat contemptuously: 'Did not Dr. Carey begin his life as a shoemaker?' Carey leant across the table and replied: 'No, sir, not as a shoemaker, only a cobbler.' A cobbler! How many devoted servants of humanity has that craft given to the world? William Carey, the cobbler, was the founder of Christian missions and the friend and benefactor of all Christians and non-Christians in India.

## AD MAJOREM DEI GLORIAM[1]

W. LAWRENCE SCHROEDER, M.A.

In 1521, during the defence of Pampeluna against the French, a young Spanish nobleman,

**Iñigo Lopez de Recalde,**

was severely wounded. Imprisonment, bungling surgery, and a belated operation delayed the progress of his recovery. To beguile the tedium of convalescence he read romances of love and war and perilous adventure. At last, his little stock of secular reading ran out, and in weariness he turned to the sober-suited volumes of the *Lives of the Saints*. His pulse quickened, his imagination was set afire. Here were tales of heroism indeed. Men and women had lived and died for their Lord, enduring shame and persecution, denying to themselves wealth, comfort, and the praise of the world that they might revel in the love of God and continue in the divine adventures of faith and hope. The

[1] A Call to Teachers given at Leeds in April, 1912.

old medieval romances seemed sorry stuff compared with the shining realities of saintly sacrifice. Never a knight of old so brave and so steadfast as St. Francis or St. Dominic. The current of martial aspiration was changed. As Ignatius read the records of the soldiers of the cross, visions of spiritual splendours swept across his soul. He would devote himself to God and the Church, and enter on the warfare against sin and death. When he had recovered from his wounds, he sought the counsel of a man of God, and entered on a novitiate of trial and searching of heart.

**In the Cave of Manresa**

in agonies of prayer and self-examination Ignatius sought to know the will of God. And then the thought came that he would found an order to be devoted to the chair of Peter and to the preaching of the gospel in distant lands. He was an unlettered soldier, and much labour had to be endured ere he could enter on the work proposed. The universities of his native land drove him from their midst; they could not understand his zeal and ecstacy, and thought him a mischievous madman. He completed his studies in the University of Paris, and gathered about him a little company of fervent souls who were ready to emulate the saints of old. On the Feast of the Assumption, 1534, in the church of Montmartre at Paris, together they vowed 'to renounce the world, to go to preach the gospel in Palestine, or, if they could not go thither within a year after they had finished their studies, to offer themselves to his Holiness to be employed in the service of God in what manner he should judge best.' These were the beginnings of

**The famous Society of Jesus,**

the first general of which was the soldier Ignatius Loyola.

We judge not the purity of the source by the muddy and befouled waters which from the mouth of the river cast themselves into the chastening depths of the ocean. We trace the river past towns and villages until at last the sweet countryside smiles upon us, and the waters that flow at our feet reflect the changing glories of the sky and the nodding flowers that deck their brim. At the last, it may be, we lose ourselves among the folds of the hills, entranced by the beauty and power of green slope and wooded dell and the multitudinous song of the birds. And then we stop and kneel, for here beside us, bubbling in soft rhythmic fashion from the heart of the mountain is a spring of living water, the source of the mighty river which miles away challenges the power of ocean and bears on its bosom the leviathans of the deep. The spot is holy ground, the hills are the sanctuary of the Lord, the waters catch the sunlight and flash into our souls messages of the purpose of God and the eternal righteousness of divine law. We stoop and drink of the spring of living waters, and rise renewed in strength for the battle whereby we hope to reclaim the world as God's own Jerusalem. The story of St. Ignatius Loyola, of St. Francis Xavier and the rest of the 'Company of Jesus'—for so they called themselves—is one of the springs whereat we may slake our thirst, and renew our spiritual vigour. The motto which they took to themselves, Ad majorem Dei gloriam—'for the greater glory of God'—might well be the cry and watchword of every Sunday school teacher. For we who week by week labour to bring the little ones into the way of the Lord, and to touch the mind of youth with noble dreams, are of the company of Jesus, and our work is of little avail if it be not for the greater glory of God.

From time to time it is well to reexamine our position, to look at reality in the light of past ideals and present forebodings, to sweep aside the little encumbrances that collect about our way, and to try to measure our conduct against the great standards of divine obligation. We think of Jesus as he went about among the people teaching them the things of God. His sincerity and whole-heartedness drew the people to him, his gentle grace forbade not the approach of the sinner, the light of love that dwelt in his eyes attracted the children to his knee. They all heard him gladly, for he had words of life, that helped and healed. We look to Jesus as unto

**One of the Great Teachers**

of the world, for we are of his company and fain would learn of him the way into the hearts of men and so to the throne of God. We know that often he was dis-

couraged and disappointed. Even those nearest to him misunderstood his message and incorrectly judged his aims. But through it all he preserved a quiet confidence in himself and in his gospel. At no time was there uncertainty of utterance. Clear and sparkling flowed the word of life as from a fount of purity undefiled. To understand the spiritual serenity of Jesus, we need to go back to the life of the youth who was obedient to his parents, who on the hills of Nazareth lost himself in dreams of the past glory of his nation, who at the feet of the elders learnt something of the meaning of the law and the prophets. The touch of the past was on him, he accepted the discipline of present necessities, he lived by the vision of a future wherein God the Lord would be King over all. For long years he was a disciple, a learner. The sacred writings yielded to him their secret, the flowers of the field told him sweet stories of the mind of God, the heavens above him were the abiding witnesses of eternal righteous purpose. Bit by bit came the gospel into his heart. The passage of time narrowed and intensified until eternity seemed the focussing of the love of God through the heart of humanity. Past, present, and future shone in one bright ray into his soul, concentrated and harmonised by his all-absorbing devotion to the will of God.

The genius of Jesus ought not to blind us to the wholesome working of the discipline of life whereby he proved the essentially heroic quality of his human nature. He was a great teacher, therefore he was willing to learn, and to live the life of a disciple of God. He suffered the discipline of humanity. He laboured with his father at the carpenter's bench, he was the sustaining life of his mother, who watched him with eager, wondering eyes as childhood blossomed into youth, and youth rounded into the glorious fulness of manhood. He responded to the demands of Nature, and meditated the glory revealed in the beauteous variety of her life. He endured the discipline of God, and in the silence of communion awaited the divine commands.

#### Nature, Humanity, God

these were the powers that moulded the soul of Jesus, and prepared him for his mission as the gospeller of non-resistance to evil, and as the proclaimer of an ever-present Kingdom of Heaven.

Such a discipline is necessary for the teacher of to-day. 'Learn of me,' said Jesus, 'for I am meek and lowly in heart: and ye shall find rest unto your souls.' Often we are burdened, and sore in spirit; our best-meant efforts make little impression upon the minds of our scholars; we are baffled by the difficulties of our task. Gladly would we be of the company of Jesus, but the way seems hard, and the outlook is gloomy, and we know not if the end of our labour will find us nearer the Kingdom. Jesus too suffered the rebuffs of the world, but he had won his way to the peace of God, in the discipline of his soul by the higher powers, and so he could call, 'Come unto me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest.' As in heart and spirit we join ourselves to the company of Jesus, the meaning of our watchword—'for the greater glory of God'—flashes hope into our souls. We are working not for the things that perish, but for the things that endure; not for the things of time, but for the things of eternity; and God in the riches of his grace will not suffer our work to come to naught. So from Jesus, the teacher of mankind, we learn the necessity of discipline; the discipline of Nature, the discipline of humanity, the discipline of God.

Again, when we reflect on the quality of the ministry of Jesus, we are brought into contact with a rich spiritual faith which glows with the light of ideals, and proves itself in an uncompromising condemnation of mere formalism in religion and in the gospel of the unity of man and God. He stood before his nation with a definite message born out of his own spiritual experience.

#### He was no Mere Echo

of some far-off cry. He believed that God had given him a work to do, and that with the charge would come the power whereby it might be fulfilled. In Jesus, knowledge and faith were harmoniously combined. Out of discipline came knowledge, and knowledge was spiritualised into an enduring faith which sustained him during the agony in Gethsemane, and throughout the passion on the cross.

Faith made for the complete surrender of his life to the will of God, and in the perfection of his sacrifice we find the meaning of his exalted name. God 'gave unto him the name which is above every name; that in the name of Jesus every knee should bow, of things in heaven and things on earth and things under the earth, and that every tongue should confess that Christ is Lord, to the glory of God the Father.'

So we read the life of Jesus in terms of the motto, 'for the greater glory of God,' and in that life we find the inspiration of our work as Sunday school teachers. Discipline, knowledge, faith: these are the things which make for an enduring success. There is no higher function in life than that exercised by the teacher of religion, by members of the company of Jesus. It is a great and joyous work to interpret the glory of nature and of life, in terms of the greater glory of God; to quicken the spiritual sensibility of the young, and to lead the little ones committed to our care, into the courts of the King's house. We may be endowed with few gifts of learning or of ability; but if we are faithful to our trust, and diligently seek for the wisdom which experience gives, and keep our hearts ever open to the gracious influences of God, our work will be blessed, and our name exalted.

So I would pray you to think of yourselves as of the 'company of Jesus,' as learners with and of him, of the goodness and love of God. It will be no small honour to be accounted worthy of that company, for into it have passed saints and martyrs, prophets, priests, and all who love their fellow-men and try to bring them nearer to God. It places great obligations upon our souls, to love and serve the highest when we see it, to cultivate purity of thought and sincerity of deed, and to make the common things of life holy unto the Lord. Life indeed is a great and glorious thing. The power of God pulses in the moving of the waters, shines in the tender light of the stars, and utters no uncertain sound in the storm that sweeps riotously o'er moor and mountain. The beauty of God radiates from the face of day, slumbers quietly in the heart of a rose, and becomes articulate in the laughing child. All things may speak to us of the glory of God. It is

**Our Great Function**

as teachers of religion, to co-operate with God in the revelation of his glory. We are called upon to interpret life in terms of God, 'ad majorem Dei gloriam.' But success will be ours only when in lowliness of heart, we have joined ourselves to the 'company of Jesus,' that we may learn of him how to live and how to die. By suffering and knowledge, St. Ignatius Loyola was led into the light of God's great purpose: our way can in no wise be different from his. Let us be happy, when clouds are round about us and when our work seems specially difficult, in the thought that God brings his children to the place where they would be, though it may be by the way of Gethsemane and the cross. In faithful endurance of the discipline of God, and by the knowledge which is eternal life, we who fain would be of the company of Jesus—teachers of the way, will manifest the divine purpose, 'to the greater glory of God,' and to the establishment of the kingdom of heaven here on earth.

## ENGLISH UNITARIAN CHURCHES

ROBERT PEARCE, M.P.

I

So few, so far apart, so weak, forlorn!
Not so. They are the outposts of the Lord,
Which have the battle-burden ever borne,
The choicest, strongest souls his hosts afford.
Around his camp they watch till night be gone,
His treasure-faiths are their peculiar care,
As wary guides they lead his armies on,
Ever the van, the hottest brunt to bear.
Encompassed by so great a throng of foes,
The myriad superstitions, doubts and fears,
The hordes of ignorance, and sinful woes,
Resisting all,—until the Lord appears.
When the main body of his truth arrives,
Forward again!—devoting thus their lives.

II

Like heights of thought, so boldly, sternly free,
Upholding truth with Atlantean toil,
Despite the windy cold, the rocky soil,
There blossoms still fair wisdom's thorny tree.
Below, fat valleys riot in the glee
Of hot young life, the crowding leafy spoil
Of the rich earth. Thus, lower life, the foil
To thought, as hill and valley seem to be.
The highest thoughts are lonely, bare,
And stand like mountains clear against the sky,
Their deltas building up the fragrant plains,
So each old church a rugged top remains,
Whence other faiths derive fertility,
Whilst slow upheaval wins them purer air.

# THE THEORY AND PRACTICE OF SUNDAY SCHOOL TEACHING—III

A. STEPHEN NOEL

THE machinery and method of a Sunday school is very largely a matter of subsidiary importance. As a matter of fact, a Sunday school can be conducted without a building or an apparatus, or a pedagogic method. When conditions are free, the open air,—the schoolroom; the loving simple heart of a simple-minded man or woman,—the only apparatus; the pure, unsullied emotions flowing from teacher to child,—the only method; then is a Sunday school a reality. But because in these cases nature provides, man in his arrogance must provide further, and with all the distinguishing signs of genius he invents a 'system,' provides 'accommodation,' thinks psychologically. 'God hath made man upright, but he has sought out many inventions'; and because he has built houses and churches, and made chairs and tables, and formulated theories, outward and external circumstances sometimes have to be credited with the largest proportion of responsibility in the moulding of character. For this reason time and space have been employed in the consideration of accommodation, of method, of procedure, from the points of view of controlling influences. It is as true in a Sunday school as in a State that the things that surround a man make him. He is hedged in by circumstances, and one of his first duties is to make the atmosphere in which he lives redolent of sweetness and light. The Sunday school teacher commences to do his true work when he finds his surroundings suitable and well adapted to his purposes. No doubt some of the truest work has been done in the worst of surroundings, but this does not logically lead to the conclusion that all good work must battle against a bad environment, when thought and care and sympathy will bring easier and more harmonious conditions.

These things have been dilated upon, in order firstly to justify the treatment of mere machinery, and secondly to snatch from out this machinery the Teacher and the Child.

Let us come aside a little and listen to simple things. Conditions are good, our schoolroom is well lighted, well aired, our children are not above illness, but we know something of their needs, method is a byword, and procedure an easily mastered art.

So we come aside and rest as near as possible to the simple idea of Nature's school—the school of Mother and Child, of home and the fireside, of soul with soul. A teacher's duty is his pleasure, and his pleasure is to do and teach the simple workings of the will of God. He has to overcome that sense of alienation which so often creeps into his class, the sense that he and the children are apart, from different homes, of different natures. The children of his home, and those whom he knows in daily life are of his world, but his class is of another world,—the region of the Sunday Lesson, and the stiff, prim collar and the immaculately cleansed coat. Never does his class open all the treasures of its schoolday experiences, never all its joy, nor even its sorrows. It is a little too nervous, too scholarly, too afraid to stir because of 'discipline'; a little too unnatural, too stiff. 'We are of one family, you and I,' was one of the Laws of the Jungle, but sometimes the sense of Family declines as blood relationship vanishes. The creation of at least a shadow or a semblance of family kinship between Teacher and Child is a law of the Sunday school, as well as the Jungle. The type of unconsciously human boy, with his hand in his sweetened and be-marbled pockets, handling with exquisite ease, brief string and briefer ejaculations, vanishes in school into cleanliness and an approach to undemonstrative godliness. The questioning little girl with the wondering gaze of wistful enquiry, building both brick houses and miniature castles in the air, develops retrogressively into sweetly unsuitable new frocks, and curled hair, and the whispered 'Yes, miss' of the subject soul. This is School Discipline; it is spelt with two capitals to distinguish it at once from mere vulgar orderliness which any wayfaring man can command. It is all very necessary, just as fences and hedges and neatly mowed lawns are necessary, but the simpler man will 'see in every hedgerow, marks of angels' feet,' cherish in the lawn, the honey of the clover, draw from the fence itself the resin, and the sweet arabic gum from the stiff acacia tree. So discipline, with

all its prim sense of neatness and order and quiet, shall never break the spirit of poetry, or crush in young life the first glimmering of imagination. Here, then, is a task for us all, a task worthy the trial we give, worthy the pains and troubles of the preparation, worthy all that we can give and all we dare to hope yet to give—the task of keeping alive in youth, beauty, imagination, and simple personality, despite the check that we must put on a wild nature in her wanton, human caprice. Nay, it is the task of the teacher, so to fulfil the demands of discipline, as to lead without driving, to guide without crushing, to make an individual not a replica, to make men and women. We may not be inclined entirely to side with Frederick Denison Maurice, for according to Masterman, 'His profound, almost morbid distrust of organisations and systems, led him to oppose the creation of machinery which practical men thought essential to the working of the ideal. As the machinery became elaborated, he would attack it as substituting mechanical things for the ethical and moral forces, without which it was useless. He feared lest the machinery itself should become an object of worship.' In all teaching, the law of method is the law of progress; but the sense of sympathy, religious fervour, even of mysticism, is the beginning of the system which makes Mankind. The teacher's aim is to make mankind, the call of to-day is to make to-morrow, the present judges the past, and flings open the door, that such as is good and true and acceptable shall pass into the future. The custodian who is uncertain or weak allows to pass along through the channels of childhood into the future all manner of evil which he could have held securely back. It therefore behoves the teacher to be high-minded, to develop by daily practice the highest virtues—sympathy and love, sweet temper and quiet speech and manner.

Above all, the teacher must come to his work prepared to do his best humbly and willingly. No forced labour, no half-burning fire of enthusiasm, will kindle the love of the ideal; but a sullen dutifulness, born not of ardour and zeal, but of a sense of doing a duty and saving an appearance, breaks young souls and destroys young life. This is what the ancient school calls the Influence of Personality; and the modern educationist must appreciate its value. He must still remember that cheerfulness and all other good qualities are infectious, and that a word, or even the silent moving of a morose spirit, will damp and depress. A teacher must be a conscious maker of himself, for, despite his boast of individual liberty, his protege will come to express the teacher's life, and grow day by day in his image. The teacher without a conscious grasp of his manners and words will fail: he may, with great success remain unconscious of his own charms, if he have any, but to be unconscious of his shortcomings is a pitiful thing. The teacher has more to learn than he can impart, not of book-learning, nor of creeds or nonsensical formulæ, but of self-discipline, of trained manner, of courtesy, of sympathy and charity. It almost seems at times as though to be a leader of the young, a man must be an ascetic, and deny himself with mortification, that he may know that thereby his soul has grown in privation and that his God is in his soul. Let him but remember that the child is watching, imitating, satirising him if he deserve it (and only if he so do); let him remember that to-morrow is formed now, and by his influence on that young child; let him remember that the childlike imitations, observations, satire are part of the training for to-morrow, and he will cease from words and precepts and set his house in order. But let him also remember this—and this with all his power to remember—that the soul of humanity is humility, that he has nought to impose on childhood, except with genuineness and high endeavour to point the little one to ideals, and aid its gropings. The next generation is not to be made up of Us again; it will be these little ones trained by Us to apply their *own* lives, their *own* methods, to gaining ideals.

From out the machinery of methods and procedure we have drawn the Teacher and the Child, the twin souls of the Sunday School idea. We have stood aside from the worship of the machine,to listen to the child asking to be a man, and to the humble reply of the teacher, 'Live truly, live humbly, live simply, draw out of your soul the ideals that dwell therein, and sanctify and purify them. Look to ideal manhood in the Christ, listen to ideal womanhood in the mother; listen to the voice of in-

struction and of wisdom, and out of thine own pure heart a man shall grow.' From nowhere else but from the pure heart of the child can we make the man ; not from our souls, nor from books or words or rebukes. These things but aid or retard a process. When we have seized our own souls and gripped them and trained them, then can we point the child the Way we have essayed in failure and dismay. But let us always be very sure that God lives and loves, and in his sunshine and his light the holy child can grow to manhood. There is always danger in absolute certainty in things intellectual ; it becomes dogmatic and lays down the law, stereotyping thought, and prejudicing the free will ; but in things of the soul, where the reason's colder part has been melted by the warmth within the heart, where the man has felt rather than reasoned, certainty dwells. To the teacher, this certainty of holy things grows more and more ; becomes a more real and vivid passion ; vibrates through the fibres of being ; pulses through the blood ; fires the soul and builds the impassioned orator. The world's greatest religious leaders have known that God is, that Christ is king among men ; that the Soul of the World is subject to the Cross. They have known and, fired with daring and the fiery joy of knowledge, have spoken and conquered, and when they have fallen, there has arisen a hero race to pass the lamp from age to age—Disciples of the Pentecost.

## A NEW STORY OF BURNLEY UNITED

WILLIAM J. PIGOTT

### By way of Introduction

If such a title as this attracts the attention of any football enthusiast the name of the writer of the article may possibly be surrounded later on with disappointed epithets much more forcible than polite.

I am *not* the Skald of the Burnley League. My humbler duty is to tell the story of the Unitarian Sunday school, as a thankoffering to those whose efforts inspired mine, and as a cheering message to other Sunday school reformers who want to see their scholars taught along the lines suggested by Mr. Archibald.

The fragrance of my conversion ten years ago still remains with me, and perhaps this will excuse the youthful audacity which sees here and there amongst the adopted household of my faith certain humorous aspects. A good many in our ranks still seem to think, as a friend of mine once pointed out to me, that every Unitarian church, or minister, or superintendent, has the whole truth, no more, no less, and so the attempt to change the forms of church worship or of Sunday school work is sometimes a task full of unsuspected sorrows as well as undreamed of joys.

Now the church and school at Burnley certainly never have been, and are not now a bed of roses. Their poverty and their need call one to endure in hardness that becomes a good soldier of Jesus Christ.

The town itself has a population of nearly 112,000, and it is crammed into valleys which run into each other like the prongs of an old tuning fork. Wild, lonely, solemn hills lift their heads all around. When all the factory chimneys in the town are ' on ' it looks very much like a glimpse into a little bit of Dante's Inferno, but it is Hades surrounded by the glorious frontiers of Heaven, and perhaps this is partly the reason why Burnley workers are blessed with such sturdy loyalty of service, and such beauty of character.

### What we had

When I settled at Burnley last August, I found a daintily decorated church and lecture hall, underneath which ran the Sunday school buildings, comprising a large hall, a kitchen, a bank-room, and the usual offices. We were sadly understaffed with teachers, but our adult class was full of promising possible recruits, so far as lady teachers were concerned. We had no Band of Hope, and while the teachers were splendidly willing, there was an obvious need *somehow* to wed knowledge, and especially Biblical knowledge, to their labours of love. The treasury of the English Bible seems to me, as a convert from a Calvinist home, and as a worker whose training was among Congregationalists, to be almost a minus quantity in many of our Sunday schools. I found teachers and scholars who frankly admitted that they much preferred biographical readings or moral stories. So you must conceive of us as a folk with certain teachers' aids besides a rather neglected lot of Bibles, a

body of friends full of willingness to try new methods providing we could see our way clear for their effective use.

### What we wished for

I am afraid that beyond a general wish for all-round improvement what we wished for might be summed up very simply in the prayer that our school might double its membership and our teachers increase threefold! What I personally wished for was the establishment of a Primary Department as a beginning. This once fairly on its feet, I wanted to organise and equip a Junior Department, with special senior classes for training teachers and an adult class for those who felt they had no vocation for Sunday school work. Then I wanted to build up a children's society on similar lines to the splendid venture the Rev. John Burgess has founded at Flowery Field. In between-whiles I had the audacity to dream of a gymnasium for both lasses and lads, and a Young Men's Club as a complementary feature to our existing and very healthy Girls' Onward League. Now these ideas of mine have been subjected to some misunderstanding and criticism by far away friends in large and financially strong churches who probably know very little about Burnley or indeed the special needs of any of the churches and schools in our northern industrial centres. Let me say quite frankly that if I could have persuaded our local friends, we should have had monthly communion, a slightly liturgical service, a confirmation service for young church members, a week-night service, and minister's vestments! If we had the young able business men that some churches are so fortunate as to possess, the Burnley minister would not lie open to the charge of 'imperilling his more distinctively pastoral work by a crowd of secular undertakings.'

But we haven't got the young business men, and we have got a large town where drink and questionable kinema shows and coarse sports are a real peril. One must use on the foreign mission field a great many methods metropolitan churches can safely neglect, and some of the northern churches are very like foreign mission fields. So we just do the best we can, and beg our interested, critical, or sympathetic friends to remember our poverty and if they can't 'come over to Macedonia and help us,' at least to remember they can always send us financial help, as well as their prayers and good wishes.

### What we now have

How far then have we marched during the past year? Of what victories can we send a cheering report? Well, we are not without our trophies already. We have succeeded in metamorphosing our large church kitchen into a Primary Department and in making our Bank-room the cloak room for the Primary children and teachers. We have bought the tiny chairs the little ones need, and the table with its art cover, and the beautiful scripture scenes which hang upon our walls. We have plasticene, sand-trays, sand, and the expression boards with which the little ones illustrate the Bible lessons they receive. We have commandeered the piano, and a much overworked blackboard and easel, and we have a regular much-pored-over library of the latest American and English publications on Sunday school teaching. On the Sunday morning the little ones learn their hymns and carry out their action accompaniments to them and receive a general lesson. The church service is split into two for the children's benefit and their church attendances count in the records which bring them their half-yearly prizes. In the afternoon, as in the morning, all the scholars assemble for opening and closing exercises, and then the little ones from two to eight years of age march into their Department to music, greet their superintendent, join in the verse-prayer, sing their hymns, report cases of sickness or announce birthdays, hear a Nature talk, and disperse into little groups of three or four for their class lesson which is *not* read but *talked*.

After the lesson comes expression, and great is the pride of those who win a word of praise from teacher or superintendent or minister. Then comes another musical march, a hymn, a prayer, catechising on the lesson, birthday celebrations, and closing hymn. At present we are short-handed, and so I am taking the Primary Teachers' Bible Class on Monday and the Junior on Thursday evenings, and after prayer, Bible reading, exposition, and questions comes the hectographed lesson

which is gone through together paragraph by paragraph. The way the young people support me in school and in the teachers' classes is magnificent.

Still, when one considers the special morning Primary lesson and the afternoon lesson, plus the afternoon Nature Talk, plus the children's church address, plus the lesson prepared for the junior teachers' classes, it can easily be seen how busy a *children's* pastor can be in a weak church. But without the splendid services of the superintendent, and the loyalty of the registrars and pianist and teachers, such a work as we are now doing with success could not possibly be accomplished. On Sunday mornings and afternoons we have a Minister's Bible Class for young people as well.

Then we have managed in the week to organise and equip a very successful Band of Hope, with the usual devotional opening and closing exercises, and, on either side of the Temperance lecturette, old English games, morris dances with wands and bells, and children's selections on 'the magic carpet.'

Our young men, too, have organised a String Band, which came to our help with very marked effect on the occasion of last year's Bazaar.

Above all we have an intense love for the Gospel of Unitarianism and an equally intense faith in its future. The steady increase in our membership in church and school shows we are on right lines.

### What we desire to Have

I may say these desires of ours are very strong and earnest, not only on my own part but on the part of the church and school.

First of all, then, we want a Junior Department for the girls and boys between the ages of eight and sixteen. Now to be really effective in such a church as Trafalgar Street, the classes must be divided and secluded from each other. That is why Mr. John T. Bibby and myself have been pleading so earnestly for a little more help.

We aim at running division curtains across between class and class in the wings of the school, thus leaving the centre open and free for collective school exercises, and reserving to us the power to draw the curtains back when necessary. We hope to have a more advanced and illustrated Nature Talk from the superintendent's desk, especially for the juniors, and to go on not only to a much shorter lesson, but to reach forward to a lesson more distinctively scriptural, emphasised by expression books and deepened by the blackboard illustrations and by the superintendent's catechism and address.

The movements from the class to the central seats are to be carried out to music, there are to be class actions, especially in the quarterly or half-yearly Sunday school demonstrations. The decentralised and much more reverent ordering of that part of Divine Worship which goes on in our school will call for more teachers and officers than we now have.

We want to have a large hymn roll instead of books, a really large hymn roll that *anyone* can see from the very back of the school! We want good scripture pictures, charts, maps, specimens, and certain articles of furniture. We want more male volunteers for our junior teachers' places, and volunteers to visit the sick. In the classes now taken on Sunday mornings and afternoons by the minister we want a splendid specimen of muscular and athletic and broadminded Christianity as a joint class leader for these young men who are now gathering round me. Who will volunteer for this? We greatly hoped to have opened our Burnley Unitarian Open-Air Mission this summer, but lack of funds for a portable pulpit and lamp and literature, and the great pressure of other work on a very few shoulders have forbidden our hopes so far. The open-air campaign at Accrington is a great success, and why should it not be so at Burnley?

So my story of Burnley United draws to a close, though the record of our dreams and hopes and wishes and resolutions does not. Up to the present time £40 has been sent us to help us on in our efforts. To carry them out fully, as we hope to do, we shall need another £50, but we shall not wait for that sum. As fast as we can raise the funds we shall launch out into the deep and let down our nets for a draught. May the grace of the Christ who made the Galilean disciples successful fishers of men fall upon us also and guide us with the spirit of God, so that the net of every endeavour of our church and of our school may be let down on the right side.

# NOTES FOR TEACHERS

## XXXI—XLVIII

### XXXI.—Joy after Loss

ARTHUR BROOKE

October 6th.—John $16^{22-24}$.

FIND the place. How many gospels are there? Have there ever been any more than we now have? (See *The First Three Gospels*, p. 3.) What does 'gospel' mean? Is John of the same character as Matthew, Mark, and Luke?

The first three gospels are described as 'synoptic'—looking together. The writer of the fourth gospel did not see eye to eye with the writers of the first three. He set out to identify Jesus with 'the Logos,' the creative agent of God (John $1^{1-3}$, $^{14}$). What does this mean? Why, that when God decided upon creation he would not create of himself but entrust the duty to an 'agent' who should act for him. Thus, so far as creation was concerned, the 'Logos' was pre-existent—lived before ever creation was—and there is reference to this idea in the words 'Before Abraham was, I am' (John $8^{58}$). The endeavour to identify Jesus and the 'Logos' seems to be interrupted, but the intention lingers in the mind of the writer.

Are the words of Jesus reported in the fourth gospel? Some great scholars do not think the words put into the mouth of Jesus in this gospel can be his actual words. Instead, they are rather what the writer felt Jesus ought to have said. If this is the case one cannot read much in this gospel without coming to the conclusion that the writer was himself a great religious thinker and teacher, although he did not always rise to the best thought and practice of Jesus.

Now read again the three verses $16^{22-24}$. Do you remember anything like them elsewhere? You had better look at chapter 14, verse 13: 'Whatsoever ye shall ask in my name, that will I do, that the Father may be glorified in the Son.' Here is something different from what your parents have taught you. You are always taught to pray to God, not to Jesus. But in the section which gives us our lesson, it is God who will act, but the prayer must be made 'in the name' of Jesus. God will listen to the prayers of those who ask in the name of Jesus!

Let scholars turn to Matthew $7^{7}$, 'Ask, and it shall be given you; seek, and ye shall find; knock, and it shall be opened unto you.' Nothing here about 'in the name of Jesus,' nothing about praying 'through Jesus Christ.' This will show distinctly how the writer of the fourth gospel and the writers of the first three differed in their way of regarding Jesus. The latter interposed no one between God and man: prayer was to be direct from man to God. John suggests that prayer may be offered to Jesus! This was desirable because of Jesus being more or less completely identified with 'the Logos.'

You can think then of Jesus speaking, according to the fourth gospel, of the death that is to be his. But he will see the disciples again; they can rejoice in that, and that they shall have greater joy. The whole story of Christianity shows the strong conviction that Christians have Jesus working with them, on their side.

The friends of the slave in America, when John Brown, of Harper's Ferry, had been hung, sang: 'John Brown's body lies mouldering in the grave . . . but his soul goes marching on.' In the end the slave was set free.

Read the story of Livingstone (*Favourite Stories*, pp. 14–17) and note the joy his native followers had in tending him so long as he lived and then in carrying his body a thousand miles to Zanzibar. Their loss was great, but they had taken up the work of their leader.

It is a great thing to have a leader who is loved and trusted. It is a greater thing to have a noble ideal of the trusted leader, for the effort is then made to act as he would have acted rather than simply to please him. Followers, admirers, then take his place, and his work whether great or small goes on.

If boys and girls respond to the spirit of the leader they will work conscientiously in his absence. They may learn their own strength and pluck and endurance without him as they could not with him present to settle their difficulties for them. Honest endeavour, even if it fails, is a source of real joy. It cannot be allowed to cease. If men had become faint-hearted because the great and inspiring leaders of thought and action had died, all progress in science and art, in citizenship and religion would have ceased. But it has not ceased, and upon

the boys and girls of to-day will rest the responsibility of carrying progress further forward. Explorers have made the unknown rivers and mountains and plains familiar. Scientific men have opened vast fields of knowledge to the enterprise of their brethren. Religious thinkers have shown that God is not to be feared, but sought with prayer and understanding hearts. As he is so sought injustice fades away and men dwell together, work together, in confidence and joy.

### XXXII.—The Joy of a Clean Heart

October 13th.—Psalm $51^{6-12}$.

Introduction. How many psalms are there? How many books of psalms? (Scholars should turn over the pages of the Revised Version and find out for themselves.) Who is commonly said to have written them all? Did he? How many authors are named? Moses; David; Solomon; Asaph; Heman the Ezrahite; Ethan the Ezrahite; the sons of Korah. Scholars should find out the psalms credited to these authors. Little is known as to authorship. The psalms date from different periods.

Are the psalms written in poetry or prose? What notes do they strike?—Praise, penitence, thanksgiving; some are meditative, most are devotional in tone. Many show a strange mixture of devotion to God and of hostility to enemies. As prayer and praise they are offered directly to God. Psalm 23 shows either (1) that a religious man had room for hostile thoughts, or (2) that a man engaged in warlike enterprises could at the same time be given to spiritual thinking and communion with God. For which kind of man is there most hope?

Three Men who used this Psalm: a schoolmaster, a missionary, a protestant martyr. It was a great comfort to Dr. Arnold to have this psalm read to him as he lay dying; William Carey (see p. 111) fixed his thoughts on it when he thought he was dying; and Cranmer (see Sunday School Quarterly, Vol. III, p. 15) repeated it on his knees before he was burnt at Oxford. [Tell a little about the lives of these great men.]

There is an inner life as well as an outward. How astonished our friends would often be if they knew our thoughts. Would our thoughts always be worth a penny? This psalmist remembered some deed he had done, and conscience made him ashamed. He would give anything to be able to forget. That, however, was not possible (v. 3) and he besought God to answer him that if the like temptation came again he would be strong enough to resist it. If he could know that, he would know joy and gladness; he would have a 'clean heart'; a 'right spirit' would be his. Memory bites: so does a rasping tongue. Memory hurts: so does a cruel hand. But a tongue can become silent, a cruel hand be withheld; while memory stirred deeper by a conscience that judges is relentless.

Ask scholars if they have ever gone to school or to their work afraid of the bitter things that some tormentor would say; fearful of the torture some mischievous individual would inflict. Let them tell you of what they know: as teacher you will find out from their own telling much about their lives when you are not with them. Then ask if *they* have ever tormented, irritated, set upon, any of their fellows; there is much to be learned from this side of the question.

Now try to learn their frame of mind. Had they any joy? Have they any satisfaction in remembrance? Had Cranmer nothing but thankfulness as he looked back on his career? All young people wish to stand well in the eyes of their companions: is popularity worth while if it is gained in spite of conscience? What is their morning prayer? Do they pray?

### XXXIII.—Joy of Faith

October 20th.—Habakkuk $3^{17-19}$.

The Book. Habakkuk is one of the Minor Prophets. How many are there? Their names? In order as found in the English Bible. The whole book is short and should be read rapidly by teacher and scholars. It divides into two parts, chapters 1 and 2, and chapter 3. The note it strikes is 'though evil seem to triumph, righteousness and the worship of the true God will prevail'; and the strictly personal note of the poem which constitutes chapter 3 is this, 'Whatever trouble beset me, I will joy in the God of my salvation.' This poem is one for scholars to learn by heart.

In Bishop Heber's hymn,' When spring unlocks the flowers,' the last verse has the same kind of spirit. The seasons may fail ' But we in nature's latest hour, O Lord, will cling to thee.' Compare this with chapter $3^{17-19}$.

Habakkuk seems to have thought that Judah would be purged of its evil-doers by means of the Chaldeans, and Assyria, which has oppressed Judah, be overthrown by the same agency. Actually, Judah was overthrown.

A right-minded man hopes to see his nation prosper, count for more and more in the world's affairs, but he can never go so far as to say ' my country right or wrong.' But men do this. Do they ? Not so long as they desire fair dealing and truth and have respect for word and honour. At the risk of being called traitors, they will refuse to become subject to mere power and might. In their hearts they know that ' might ' is not the same thing as ' right.' They have accepted the Golden Rule as their principle of conduct, and what is good for the individual is good for the nation ; while what is bad, is bad. Scholars are to be trained to test their actions by the Golden Rule. We are emerging from the rule of force and are learning to obey conscience : everything that can be done to help conscientiousness must be done. General Sir William Butler in command of the British forces in South Africa at the outbreak of the Boer War asked to be relieved of his command because he could not conscientiously fight against the burghers of the two Republics. He was a brave gentleman.

Application. Do you know Miss Lee's *Story of the Pilgrim Fathers* ? Would they worship God as they were told or according to conscience ? Did they have an easy time ? Did it make any difference ? Do you know the story of Dr. Priestley ? (S.S.Q. July, p. 91.) Was he the friend of struggling peoples ? Did it make him popular ? Was his house burned down ? Did it make any difference in his convictions ?

The temptation for boys and girls, as well as for men and women, in great national affairs as well as in private and personal, is to be untrue to conviction when trouble, anxiety, disaster, come upon them. They are tempted to utter a lie, to act a lie, to play the coward. Contrast Browning's ideal—

> One who never turned his back but marched breast forward,
> Never doubted clouds would break,
> Never dreamed, though right were worsted, wrong would triumph,
> Held we fall to rise, are baffled to fight better, sleep to wake.

### XXXIV.—A Teacher's Joy

October 27th.—II Corinthians $7^{1-4}$.

Introduction. A scholar should read the passage aloud. Then the teacher should read, with as much dramatic force as possible, from $6^{11}$ to $7^{4}$, and ask, How would you like to receive a letter saying ' I am filled with comfort, I overflow with joy in all our affliction ' ? Is it encouraging to be told ' things cannot possibly be worse ' ? Yes, if it is true, for then they are bound to improve !

Who received the Letter ? The church at Corinth. Who gathered that church ? Paul. He was the spiritual father of all the members and did not hesitate to tell them so (I Cor. $4^{14-15}$). Was he particular who joined his church ? He welcomed all without asking if they were of good reputation, good standing, money power, just as your school and church welcome all wishing to join them. You never make anyone uncomfortable because of poor clothes, or the home from which he comes, or his people, so that he will not come to church or school, do you ? If you did wouldn't you be ' snobs ' and ' prigs ' ? Paul admitted anybody who wished to join.

The next step was to find if members were in earnest and living up to the ideal of the church. Was this sensible ? Could a football team play a good game, win matches, if members were ' slackers ' ? What would be the chances of a church if members spoke well but acted badly ? Who would value a school if scholars thought it decent to play pranks, be mischievous, on their way home ; tell lies, bear malice, repeat wicked stories ; scamp their work, be in any way dishonest ? What does the honour of the school, of the church, of the faith mean ? Paul found one man who was not ' playing the game,' and he wished to turn him out. It was the only way to make that man feel what he had thrown away. In ordinary speech we should say such a man ought to be ' sent to Coventry.' But this is a dis-

agreeable thing to do; yes, and some disagreeable things *have* to be done.

The church at Corinth could not agree to do this thing. Some thought Paul was going too far. They questioned his authority. And some sought escape from judging a transgression of the moral law by challenging Paul's authority. He shewed that he was not anxious about his authority if they would try to live as God's children. He loved his converts too much to care about his *authority*. There was something more important than that. He wanted them to 'play the game' on their own account. Then more and more of them tried earnestly. All the sections of the church did not work with one accord, but more were trying. There was still trouble and distress for the members, but more were trying. In view of this fact, Paul wrote the words taken for our lesson.

Theophilus Lindsey 'played the game' when, instead of trying to make well-known words mean something different from what ordinary people understood by them he left the Anglican church and founded a Unitarian chapel. (See S.S.Q., for April, p. 6.)

Dr. Jowett, Master of Balliol, as a youth was reading for a scholarship examination. He knew his competitor. One day he learnt something about the coming examination that would give him the advantage. To be perfectly fair and to be true to conscience he must go impart the information to his competitor. He did so.

Sometimes young men and young women are tempted to spend money which is not their own. The stories are told in police courts. Did you ever hear of a printer who tried to make money by selling a secret committed to his care?

Paul 'overflowed with joy' because his friends recognised temptations to lax moral ideals but would not give way.

### XXXV.—The Lord is my Light

November 3rd.—Psalm $27^{1-3}$.

1. What do you know of this psalm? (S.S.Q. for July, p. 73.)

2. Are men satisfied with the light of the sun? Have they any means of overcoming the darkness? How did the savage get fire, light? What does he still do with his pointed stick? What were flint and steel used for? What was the tinder for? What do we use instead of flint and steel? How do we preserve the light we get? By putting it to a candle, the wick of a lamp, to the gas we turn on. In what churches is there always a light kept burning?

What have men done in order to secure a continuous supply of artificial light? Among other things they have chased the great whale and risked their lives in doing so. Then they have made oil from the blubber. (Cf. some of Mr. Bullen's writings.) Where has the oil been used? Is there any other sort of oil that is used for lighting purposes? Have you ever heard of coal-pits? Is coal-mining dangerous? From coal, gas is prepared, and we can 'light the gas' in our homes, our public buildings, in our streets, and railway trains.

Did you ever see a waterfall or the picture of one? (Show some pictures.) What are the names of some of the grandest? Have these falls been turned to use? To turn saw-mills, corn-mills, old-fashioned cotton and woollen-mills? Anything else? Yes, to provide electric power for lighting purposes.

Now think what human energy, skill, and intelligence, on land and sea, have been expended, what lives lost, what fortunes made, for the sake of and by providing artificial light. Jesus recognised the importance of artificial light (cf. Parable of the Ten Virgins in *Half-hours with the Parables*, First Series, p. 82). But mankind had to find out how to provide artificial light.

3. 'The Lord is my light,' sang the psalmist. How did he know? How did he get to know? He learnt from what he was taught, by what others told him. He was taught the Ten Commandments; he was taught to pray (cf. Education, pp. 56–60, *Life in Palestine*). But when all was said and done, each person had to learn how to put his principles into practice, to make a stand for himself. And so it is now. The time comes when we have to rely upon ourselves, and it is grand if we can say with the psalmist 'The Lord is my light and my salvation.'

The light of God reveals the right thing to be done. Makes clear when to say 'yes,' when to say 'no.' As the light and warmth of the sun brings forth the bud and the flower, so the light of God and the

warmth of his love bring forth nobility of character.

'The man with an axe to grind' found a boy who did not know when to say 'no'; but that boy was learning. Guy Fawkes was learning, too, though he had not gone very far on the way. However dreadful a man he was he did not descend to such depths as to betray his fellow conspirators. And *Tom Brown* was learning how to do the right thing when he found his friend Arthur being cuffed by Slogger Williams, and said, 'You drop that, Williams; you shan't touch him.' He had to fight, but he fought for fair play.

So St. Paul 'fought with beasts at Ephesus,' fought for the right as he knew it, obedient to conscience. Read, or talk of, the Temptation (Matt. $4^{1-11}$) which shows wonderful insight into the struggle Jesus had before he finally surrendered himself to God and the godly life upon earth.

### XXXVI.—Ye are the Light of the World

November 10th.—Matthew $5^{13-16}$.

Introduction. If scholars are encouraged to observe, they will find that the 'Sermon on the Mount' splits up into sections. There is no reason for believing that Jesus delivered this 'sermon' all at once. Note how the teaching differs from that of John. Here, Jesus says 'Ye are the light of the world,' while there (chapter $8^{12}$) he says, 'I am the light of the world.' In I John $1^{5}$ we read 'God is light.'

What does Jesus mean? What is a lamp for? Why does he say 'Even so let your light shine before men, that they may see your good works, and glorify your father which is in heaven'? What is the good of teaching if it is not practised? Did Jesus wish men to admire his cleverness or admit the truth of what he said and try to put it in practice? Did he wish men to make a name for themselves only or to do good and speak helpfully?

'Be good sweet maid and let who will be clever,
Do noble things not dream them all day long
And so make life and that vast forever one grand
sweet song.

Charles Kingsley was saying the same thing when he wrote that verse in a girl's album. There is a good story, 'Voss; or, What is Courage' (*Favourite Stories*, p. 100) which might be told here to illustrate the difference between letting the light shine worthily and unworthily. There is a little park near St. Martin's le Grand in which are recorded the noble deeds of men and women who risked their lives to save others. They were mainly plain people, humble heroes,—firemen, sailormen, policemen, domestic servants,—but their light shone to the glory of God and humanity. Such deeds are recorded in the newspapers every week. A quartermaster-sergeant was drowned at Bexhill in August: two men rushed into the heavy sea to rescue him. One of these brave men brought the body of the unfortunate soldier to land, and said afterwards, 'it was ridiculous for anybody to go in.' But he went to the rescue!

Don't you think there is a way open to all who cannot be heroes? Is it not possible for each to do something to make life happier and brighter? Is not that a brave man who will risk losing his employment if he can but say the word which will better the lot of his fellow-workmen? Is not that a worthy disciple who, while anxious to get the best wages he can, will give in return a good day's work?

### XXXVII.—Children of Light

November 17th.—Ephesians $5^{6-14}$.

What is 'pride of family,' 'pride of country,' 'pride of race'? Is it a good thing to maintain the honour of a good name? Is it easy? The sons of Eli found it too hard and became a shame to their father (I Samuel 2). There is a well-known story of a boy who waited for hours for his father to meet him at an appointed place: he waited on the spot till his father came. In that family they knew how to keep their word. Kipling in many stories has exhibited the Englishman's pride as an Englishman. What do boys and girls know of the saying 'He's a white man'?

Faith in principles has to be learned and then shown in action: faith must be followed by works, or it is of little account. Ideals are as light; absence of ideals darkness. Brought up in a Christian country we are familiar with Christian ideals, and our business is to put them into practice. The church people at Ephesus were told they were 'now light in the Lord' and should, therefore, 'walk as children of light.' Why were children

given New Testament names if it was not with the prayer they should be worthy of the names which they bore? Fancy what it might mean to be worthy of the name Peter, who is said to have been crucified head downwards; of Andrew, who was put to death by binding with cords to a cross in the form of X (where can we find that cross?); James, the brother of Jesus, who because he would not deny his faith was cast down from the temple terrace in Jerusalem, stoned, and then beaten to death; Philip, who was crucified and stoned in Hierapolis of Phrygia; Bartholomew, who was flayed alive and then crucified; Thomas, killed by the thrust of a lance; Matthew, beheaded in Egypt; Simon the Zealot, sawn asunder; Jude, put to death by a lance at Edessa!

The Christian of to-day has little to fear from this sort of death, but he may guard against putting out his own light. Boys and girls do not like to be conspicuous, yet they do not object to having their names in the papers as winners of scholarships. And others are proud of them and honour the school in which they were trained. Dare you stand alone? Speak the truth rather than tell a lie? Tell another he ought to be ashamed of himself for telling an unclean story? Be laughed at for being polite? 'God helps those who help themselves.' Will you follow the gleam, trust to the divine light within? We had a boy in our class at the elementary school who was a Roman Catholic: some roughs had broken the windows of the Roman Catholic Chapel, and many boys were inclined to tease and ridicule any Catholic boys they met. They even organised attacks on the Catholic scholars at the mission, but that boy just said he was a Catholic and—all the others respected him! 'The fruit of the light is goodness and righteousness and truth.' Do you *think* how your words and actions *square* with what people know of your family, your church? The sense of right and truth within must be in full agreement with the principles of the church and school to which you belong, else will church and school be discredited, and the place you work in and the people you work with be 'dark' because the light in you does not burn brightly.

The teacher will find suggestion in these words of Dr. Jowett, the late Master of Balliol, which were spoken at Shrewsbury: 'The good name of a school is committed to the scholars rather than to the masters, and especially to the elder scholars, and is in a manner their property. They are responsible for the character which is given to it by themselves. There have been a few even among the young who have not only abstained from evil themselves, but have acted as a restraint upon others—in whose presence no one would dare to boast of a dishonourable action or to utter an impure word. Such characters have been a kind of light in a school.'

### XXXVIII.—The True Light

November 24th.—John 1$^{1-9}$.

Read what was said about this gospel in the lesson for October 6th.

Boys and girls! Do you believe you are bad; that other girls and boys are bad? Never mind those you do not know, think of those you know. You trust them, and they trust you, to do right, to be fair, to speak truly, to be tender. Have you ever stood in a crowd and noted the feeling of the crowd that it would have fair play for those to whom it was listening? Have you noticed that heroes are not confined to any race or clime? Have you heard that the Victoria Cross 'for valour' can and has been won by men as well as officers? Do you know that courage is no less great in women than in men? Do you know the story of Sister Dora (see *Remarkable Women* in the S.S. Library, p. 139)? That heroes and heroines can be found in every rank?

The King recently conferred an Albert Medal of the Second Class on an aboriginal native of the Roper river, Australia, who saved the life of a policeman who had arrested him. They were crossing a flooded river, the policeman on horseback and the native swimming, when the horse got into difficulties, and before the trooper could clear himself the animal kicked him unconscious, and he was carried off by the stream. Instead of making good his escape, the native went, at great risk to his own life, to the policeman's assistance and swam ashore with him.

> The rank is but the guinea stamp,
> A man's a man for a' that.

I believe in 'the true light which lighteth every man.' The light is in you: it may

be a slow process getting it to shine, but it will shine if you will help it. The Anglican Prayer Book, in the Tenth Article of Religion, says, ' The condition of man after the fall of Adam is such, that he cannot turn and prepare himself, by his own natural strength and good works, to faith and calling upon God : wherefore we have no power to do good works pleasant and acceptable to God, without the grace of God by Christ preventing us, that we may have a good will, and working with us, when we have that good will.'

This depends upon the doctrine of ' The Fall of Man.' The teacher should tell something about this doctrine, and explain that Unitarians do not believe in it. Then let the thoughts of the scholars be brought back to ' the true light which lighteth every man ' ; to the psalmist's saying, ' the Lord is my light ' ; and to Paul's word, ' the spirit of God dwelleth in you ' (I Cor. $3^{16-17}$), and ' we are a temple of the living God ' (II Cor. $6^{14}$), and, also, his quotation ' For we are also his offspring ' (Acts $17^{28}$). Unitarians believe that humanity is *rising* ; that God is with us indeed, ' for in him we live and move and have our being,' and that great as the progress of humanity has been, it shall be greater yet.

The progress of the whole depends upon the progress of the individual. Let the individual make the best of his powers and capacities, and the whole will benefit. We may be a long way from perfection, but we can get nearer to it in our own time, each one working and helping according to 'the true light.' As an instance, mention the progress of surgery and medicine in the last hundred years. Every doctor hopes to add some little to knowledge. As another instance, mention the way in which the clouds of ignorance have been rolled back and the knowledge of the globe has been increased : Nansen, Shackleton, Peary, Amundsen. Think of the school boys and girls of twenty-five years ago who are adding to knowledge, who are making life better and richer, who are giving a better equipment to this generation than they received in theirs. Will not you enlist in this army of progress ? Learn all you can about yourselves and the greater life that is possible, by prayer, by thinking of the things that are true and lovely and of good report, and then by telling out what you know and stirring others up to be good and strong and pure ?

We are responsible to the light within, to God in us.

' I saw the souls of a man and woman dragged, the man to heaven, the woman to hell. . The woman said, " How is it that though we shared every benefit when living, they are now bearing thee to heaven, me to hell ? " The man said, " Because I practised good thoughts, words, and deeds ; but thou didst worship idols." The woman said, " Among the living thou wast completely lord and sovereign over me—my body, life, and soul were thine ; then why hast not thou taught me the reason of thy excellence, whereby thou mightest have caused excellence in me ? "

'The woman sat in darkness, but without other affliction ; the man sat in light, but covered with shame ! '

### XXXIX.—Faith

December 1st.—Hebrews $11^{13-16}$.

What is an epistle ? How many epistles are there in the New Testament ? Are all ascribed to Paul ? What are the writers' names as given ?

Chapter 11 in this epistle defines ' faith.' Where ? (v. 1). Read the verse. Is there any difference between faith and belief ? Belief rests on a statement ; faith in a person. When people stand up in an Anglican church, and the minister and choir turn towards the east, and all say ' I believe ' . . . they proceed to recite a creed, a statement. ' Now faith is the assurance of things hoped for ' . . . because of confidence felt in the character of one who has made a promise.

' Do you *believe* in Jesus ? ' You will often be asked this question if your experience is like mine. I cannot say I believe in him as I believe in the statement ' all right angles are equal,' but I have faith in his honesty, his single-mindedness, his sincerity ; faith in him as an honest man who went about doing good. I have faith in his character.

Do you remember what idea the ' Gospel according to St. John ' sets out to establish? It was that Jesus and the ' Divine Word ' are one and the same. How does this epistle speak of him ? As a ' great high priest ' ($4^{14}$). I can have faith in the sincerity of the writers without believing the doctrine of either.

This chapter gives a rapid survey of early Hebrew story. Each character had faith that something greater was coming to pass. But so far as these greater things did come to pass, they felt that there would be greater yet. They never found that the realisation equalled their anticipation. Some children look forward to the time when they may begin going to school; then they begin looking forward to entering higher classes; then to leaving school; and then—what do they look for? What do you look for? Are you ever satisfied? You have faith that you can do, and be, and know grander things; and the more you understand, the more you feel there is to learn and know.

In Albert Square, Manchester, are statues erected to Prince Albert, Bishop Frazer, John Bright, and Oliver Heywood. These were all thinkers and workers, animated by faith that a better day would dawn. Whence came their faith? From God, through men; through their own lives, which were earnest, sincere, and unselfish. They were all religious men who had faith in God, and as their faith was so they lived their lives.

Possibly the freedom of the press is not quite the great blessing it was expected to be. But the gaining of the freedom made it possible for men to see grander views than they had enjoyed before.

### XL.—Active Faith

December 8th.—James $2^{14-16}$.

Read the passage, and with it read chapter 1, vv. 22–27. The apostle desires more than listening to sound doctrine, and more than talking about it, viz., action. The man of faith must be a man of action, and show that he has faith in his faith.

Many persons are great talkers without being great doers. Their promises are fair but their fulfilment of them is disappointing. Of such the Bengalis say, 'In talk a tiger, in act a lizard.' The faith of some people requires them to talk about it: they have to defend it, expound it, present it so as to win others to a life of faith, but if their faith has no other outlet than speech, they soon fail to persuade. Why? Because action is so much below the excellence of their speech. Do you know the saying 'Actions speak louder than words'?

Have you ever heard of Bayard? Who was he? When Bayard was a small boy, only thirteen, he went to his first service. His mother told him to remember three things, first to fear God and love him; second to have gentle and courteous manners to those above him; third to be generous and charitable, without pride or haughtiness, to those beneath him. These three things he never forgot, which helped to make him the soldier without fear and without reproach. Bayard raised the ideal of the warrior's life to its highest point.

A lively faith sometimes requires more than careful speech, viz., silence. Here is a story, perhaps an extreme case, which shows how three children who had faith in their parents were both silent and still, one of them in great pain, too. Daniel Bonnet was a weaver in the French village of Thorigne. He and his wife were Huguenots, and they talked incessantly to their three little children of the glory of holding by their faith, and, if needs be, dying for it. Troops were sent into the village to convert the Huguenots at the sword's point, and Bonnet and his wife attempted to escape to the coast. They loaded a donkey with vegetables as if for market, but hid the three little ones in the panniers, charging them, as they valued their religion, to keep silent, no matter what happened. M. Bonnet, with a basket of turnips, trudged ahead. His wife drove the donkey. Just outside the village they met a trooper.

'Going to market?' he asked suspiciously. 'Then I can try if your carrots be tender.' He plunged his sword into the pannier and waited, but not a sound was heard. 'Wherever you go, *bon voyage, mes amis!*' he shouted, and galloped away.

The wretched parents had to wait till he was out of sight before they could open the basket. Their boy, a child of five, had been stabbed in the thigh.

'But I did not speak, mother!' he cried and fainted.

The Bonnets escaped to America, and the blood of the brave lad still runs in the veins of good men and women.

Another story may be found in Rev. V. D. Davis's *Twelve Hymns and their Writers*, which book should be in the Sunday school library. At page 75 he tells the story of John Johns, the writer of the hymn 'Come, kingdom of our God.' He was a man of active faith, and the deed of daring which

cost him his life is one to appeal to boys and girls.

### XLI.—Faith in oneself

December 15th.—Matthew $25^{14-17}$.

Having read the parable it will be well to notice that there are three men and a master.

The three were not employees but slaves, for that is what the word in the margin—bondservants—means. What is the opposite of slave? Freeman. Are there any slaves now? Where are they to be found? Have you heard of Putumayo? What is the feeling about slavery? Does public opinion in England favour the idea of slavery? Did Jesus condemn slavery?

Possibly the relationship between the Jewish master and his slaves was not so harsh as we are accustomed to think that relationship must be. Roman masters were often very cruel and unfeeling in their dealings with slaves, just as 'masters' have been brutal and callous in their dealings with the natives of Putumayo. But look up the section in *Life in Palestine*, pp.51–53.

Next, the master in the parable knew his men, knew their quality and showed the measure of his faith in them by the amount he entrusted to each. His confidence showed how much confidence he felt they had in themselves: to one he gave five talents, to another two, to another one. He did not expect much of the latter, and he can hardly have been disappointed. It is not kind to speak of a 'one-talent' man. Why? In the parable he was afraid of responsibility. Possibly he had never been taught to enjoy responsibility, and it is rather hard on a man to thrust responsibility upon him when he has never, as a slave, had the chance of exercising it. Probably he would have made a clever critic of the five-talent man and the two-talent man, if he himself had not been given one talent. As it was he was silenced, and we can only guess at the shame and confusion he felt by what was said to him.

Now what are your talents, aptitudes? Can you sing, play the piano easily? Are you a good scholar, a clever craftsman? Would you take the responsibility of seeing a matter through? You would? Well, do you *practise* singing; do you *practise* regularly on the piano? There are thousands of people who might have been able to give joy to their friends, who simply bore or annoy them whenever they pretend to sing or play because they can do neither well. They never practised.

The story of William Carey (p. 111) shows how he had confidence in himself and how that confidence was justified because he had prepared himself for the work he undertook, work that lasted forty-one years.

A man who has prepared during boyhood, a woman who has equipped herself during girlhood, won't wait to be told to do a thing, but will volunteer. Free men and women respond to the promptings of the spirit—Here am I, send me (Isa. $6^{8}$).

### XLII.—Faith in the Unseen

December 22nd.—Psalm $36^{5-12}$.

Note that the first five verses are divided from the rest by a space. Ask if it would not seem well to separate the last two verses from verses 5–10.

Talk frankly to the class and invite confidences from the members of it on the subject of the strange mixture that life is; e.g., how one who is trying to be sincerely good will yet do things, think things, say things which another who is making a similar effort will avoid.—'So nigh is grandeur to our dust, so near is God to man' . . . It will be of great use if boys and girls, and others, can be helped to realise that along with their purely material concerns they have other, spiritual concerns. Now look at the psalm again. How beautiful are the thoughts expressed in verses 5–10. The writer was exalted, but all too soon he was back in the midst of the cares of a strenuous life. His spiritual power was not unlimited.

We have read somewhere of an Englishman who tried to live the life of a holy man in India, as an Indian. He was sorely tempted to retaliate upon those who treated him with contempt; but he withstood the temptation, and by his meekness and patience and faith won the hearts of all among whom he worked, and they, with him at hand, became gentle, considerate, true.

The psalmist in his exaltation says 'the children of men take refuge under the shadow of thy wings' (7). It is on this side of the teaching that emphasis should be laid. 'Under the shadow of thy wings' is a figure of speech. Can we imagine a quarrelsome company taking refuge there?

There are differences of opinion and variations of faith, but true humility while holding loyally its own faith and opinion, will not denounce those who honestly differ. It will give credit for honesty, and agree to differ. This may be hard, but it is desirable. The psalmist found it hard, and so his beautiful psalm is marred by the last two verses. See how people find it hard to allow for differences to-day. In politics the liberal denounces the tory, and the tory the liberal; often both denounce the socialist, and the socialist both liberal and tory; they find it hard to give credit for honest opinion to those who differ from them. But there is the same God over all. In religion much the same sort of thing occurs. The Unitarian is often promised the prospect of—trouble, in the life to come, though we have yet to meet the Unitarian who is so uncharitable as to declare hell is provided for those who hold not his views. He does not say other people are not Christians because they do not think as he thinks about Jesus. He has his own ideas about what it means to be a Christian, and admits the right of others to have theirs. All sorts of Christians will sing to-day the hymns of gentle heretics—'It came upon the midnight clear'; 'Long, long ago, in manger low'; 'A thousand years have come and gone'—so let each try to feel that there is the same God over all.

The result of this will be the thought of brotherhood. What a wonderful brotherhood humanity is! We are linked with psalmist and saint; hero and coward; white man, black man, red man. But we are ahead of the psalmist. Jesus has given us the beginnings of a universal religion. We are thankful to God for his leadership. Now the thing to do is to work for its recognition, to be missionaries, servants of God, at home, at school, in the workshop, the factory, the office, wherever we are.

It means faith in the unseen and in the seen. Our faith may be increased by prayer and by work for humanity, and when the poem of our lives is finished may there be no verses for others to wish left out.

### XLIII.—Faith in the living God

December 29th.—Psalm $77^{10-13}$.

Read the whole psalm. Read again verses 10–13. Does this passage remind you of anything in Habakkuk iii? Is there not a difference though? This writer has a weakness, an infirmity, for thinking that God does not manifest the care he used to do; but he will get over his weakness if he possibly can.

People will be wishing each other 'A Happy New Year,' and some will add 'And may it be a better than this has been,' or 'May it be better than the last.' Perhaps they do not think it has been much of a year: farmers for instance. Perhaps they have done well in business and want to do better. Now try to collect from scholars suggestions as to things which will make this year memorable—new work begun for God and man; leaving school and starting work; turning over a new leaf of the book of life; great lives that have lasted on into 1912; new books published; new schemes begun for the improvement of the common lot; and so on.

Have scholars ever heard anybody say, 'Things are not as they used to be'? Did the speakers mean they were better or worse? What is a pessimist? What is an optimist? The optimist believes that the world is growing better and will do so, and he is going to have a share in helping it. If he remembers 'the years of the right hand of the Most High' it will be with full confidence that grander things are yet to be known, that greater opportunities for richer, fuller life will be offered.

What are scholars looking forward to in the new year? Do they expect somebody to do great things for them? Would it not be better for them to pray that they might do more for themselves? It is good to recognise as much of the grandeur of the past as possible, the things men have done for faith and freedom; is not it also good to look for grandeur in the present and future? Think of some of the great additions to knowledge made in the last twenty years: ask scholars for instances. Think of some of the great and noble deeds that have been done of late: again ask for instances.

Now point out that the same power is working, that God is God of the living. And insist that the very power in which Jesus was made strong, is there for us to be strong in, too; to use, to work with, to trust. Warn them against thinking that all the advantages were used up in the past.

'all of good the past hath had
Remains to make our own time glad,
Our common, daily life divine,
And every land a Palestine.'

This is the faith for the New Year. Who will put it in practice, work at it? Even if disaster comes *men* do not sit down helpless: they set about overcoming the effects. They will be up and doing.

## Faith

### Infant Lessons for December

DOROTHY TARRANT, M.A.

(The method followed has been to take a root-idea or a particular phrase, suited to the infants, from the Bible reading for the day, and to use this as the nucleus of the lesson.)

#### XLIV.—'Strangers and Pilgrims'

December 1st.—Heb. $11^{13-16}$.

How many of you have ever been to stay away from home, perhaps in the country or at the seaside? It seems all very strange and new even if we go away for the day; but if we really live somewhere else for a time we feel almost like different people. We don't know our way about, for we are *strangers* there; and other people have to show us where to go, until we are used to the new place. How glad we are to come home, after all, even if it is a very nice holiday!

If any of you have ever 'removed' into a different house, you know how strange that is too. Even if it is in the same street, the rooms are different and we can't find our way about them so easily. And if we go into a new place too, we have to begin at another school, and mother has to find other shops, and it is all like a new life. We are strangers there, at first, until we and the other people begin to know each other.

Sometimes strangers come about here, people who don't know their way and perhaps ask us to tell them. They may be even people from across the sea, who can't speak in our talk, and we don't understand them unless they make signs. But they can tell if we look kind and try to help them, and then they don't feel so strange and lonely. Shall we always do what we can for strangers, and remember how we should like people to help *us* if we were far away from home?

Some people go on very long journeys indeed, and make their new home far away over the sea. Just think of starting again in a new place, with all the old things left behind! It must be very hard at first, and they must feel sorry and 'homesick.'

There is a tale about a man called Abraham, who lived long, long ago. He was rather an old man, and he lived with his old wife, but had not any children. The story says that one day Abraham took his belongings and said good-bye to his people, and went right away, with his wife, to find another country to live in. He didn't think he would ever come back, and it must have been very sad to leave his old place. But he was quite sure that he must go, and that he would be safe and happy. Do you know why? Because, the tale says, it was God the Lord who told him he must go and find a new country and live there; and God promised to be with him and care for him, wherever he went. (This is like the tale of how God spoke to little Samuel, and Samuel listened and obeyed.)

So Abraham went out, with his wife Sarah, and they travelled a long, long way, and had to stay at night at different places till at last they came to a country where they could stay. People who travel on like that are *pilgrims*. (Note—the Greek word in v. 13 means literally 'those who *stay* at a place *on their way* to another.') All the way Abraham felt quite safe, for he knew God wished him to go and would care for him; and he did his best wherever he was, and listened always for God's voice telling him what to do. That is just what all people must do when they are in new, strange places—try their best and not be afraid. Many pilgrims have gone out like Abraham 'seeking after a country of their own.' Perhaps we shall have to be little pilgrims too; anyway we often have new work to do, and new places to go to, and we will remember not to be afraid, but just to be sure that God takes care of us everywhere if we try to do what he tells us.

#### XLV.—Saying and Doing

December 8th.—James $2^{14-26}$, 'By works a man is justified,' v. 24.

I wonder if you know what 'cupboard-love' is? Did you ever hear mother talk

about that? I must tell you. When father or mother comes in with something nice in a bag, or when there is some great treat in the cupboard, *some* little boys and girls will begin to come cuddling up, and kissing, and saying, 'Dear mother,' as if all at once they had become very, very loving. But really it is only because they want some of those nice things, and they think they will get some if they pretend to be so fond of father and mother. But I don't suppose any of *you* would do that kind of thing, and so you don't know about it! Why, it is just like our pussy-cat, who comes rubbing round us when he wants his dinner, and then takes no notice of us when he has got it. Children at school are the same, sometimes; when another boy or girl has some sweeties to give away, they will all be *very* fond of that one, just for the time.

We can always tell this sort of pretence-loving, and people call it 'cupboard-love,' because it is only put on in order to get something good by it. Mother and teacher don't like love that is *only* kissing and pretty words; they want us to show that we really love them all the time, not only now and then when we want nice things.

But even when boys and girls are not greedy 'cupboard-lovers,' still they sometimes will *say* they love mother very much, but not *do* anything to show that it is true. And many people are like that in other ways. They will say they are very sorry, but not try a bit to put the wrong thing right; or they will go to Church or to Sunday school and look very good, but forget all about being good on other days. The way to be quite sure about people is to see what they *do*.

Jesus once told a tale about a man who had two sons. He asked one of them to do something, and he said, 'I won't'; but afterwards he was sorry, and went and did it after all. The father asked the other one, and he said at once, 'Yes, sir, I will'; but when his father had gone away he did not do the work at all. Jesus said the first one was better than that, for though he was rude and said 'I won't,' in the end he did do what his father wanted. But the best of all is when people both say the right words *and* do the right deeds.

You remember the story about Abraham and how he went away into a new country. People called him 'the friend of God,' and all saw what a good, wise man he was. But it was not just because he *said* that God had called him to come on his journey, and was caring for him, but because they saw he *did* the things that were good. If he had not done so, they would soon have known that his talking was only pretence.

So we too will remember that, if we want to show that we love anyone, we must show it by doing something, not by talking only. We will not only kiss mother, but help her when we can; and not only be good at Sunday school, or when people come to see us, or when there is a treat waiting for us, but try as much as we can to be good all the time, and so show that we really mean it.

### XLVI.—Faithful Use of Gifts

December 15th.—Matt. $25^{14-17}$. Parable of the Talents.

You all know what money is, don't you? Some is gold, some silver, and some copper; and the gold is worth the most of all. If father has a gold piece of money, he takes great care not to lose it; and he and mother try to spend it very carefully, so as to buy as many things as ever they can.

Here is a tale about some gold money—a tale that Jesus told the people one day. A rich man, who had plenty of money and plenty of servants, once went away from home. He told his servants to look after his house and his business; and he called one of them and put five gold pieces in his hand. 'Here,' he said, 'look after this money well while I am away.' Then he called the next, and gave him two gold pieces to look after; and to another he gave just one. When the master had gone away, the man who had the five gold pieces began to think what he could best do with them. He didn't put them away in a money-box, but he did as shopkeepers and other people do: he bought a great many things, and sold again, and worked hard this way all the time, until he had actually got five *more* gold pieces, besides the first five. He *used* the money in the best way, and so had more in the end. The man who had two pieces did just the same, and he got two more for his master.

The tale says that when the master came home he was very pleased with those two men, and said to each of them, 'Well done, good and faithful servant,' and gave them still better work to do. But the other

servant, who had the one gold piece, didn't use it at all, but went and dug a hole in the ground, and hid it there. So when the master came he got his money back safe enough (though it would be very dull and dirty with being in the earth), but it was not any more than before, for it had not been *used* at all. He did not call that servant 'faithful,' but was very angry, and sent him right away.

Now we don't often have money to take care of, do we? I don't expect we ever get gold pieces put in our hands; and if we did, we couldn't 'trade' with them and get more like those servants. But let us think if there are not some things that we do have given us to *use faithfully*.

What about those two little hands of yours? Think of baby's hands—so tiny and soft and round. They can hardly do anything, can they, but catch and hold things? Then think of father's hands—strong and big and firm, able to write, and carry, and tie knots, and do all his work, whatever it is. Father's hands were baby hands once, but he has *used* them all this time, and so they have grown strong and clever. Your hands are getting bigger and cleverer too, and if you use them faithfully (that means just as well as ever you can) they will learn to do more and more still. And so with other things too—feet growing stronger, eyes and ears sharper, lips better at talking and smiling, mind (our wonderful 'thinking-machine') better at thinking and remembering, if only we will use them all in the right way. These things don't wear out, but get better the more we use them. They are like a machine, that gets rusty if it is put away, but keeps bright and works better if it is kept going. If people didn't use their hands and feet, they would stay soft and weak, like babies' hands and feet, all their lives.

So we are little servants too, and the Master who gives us gifts to use faithfully is God our Father. His gifts are much more wonderful than gold pieces, and he does not go away, but keeps watching to see that we use them well.

### XLVII.—God's Faithfulness in the Skies

December 22nd.—Ps. $36^{5-12}$.

'Thy loving-kindness, O Lord, is in the heavens; thy faithfulness reacheth unto the skies,' v. 5.

Last night was the longest night in all the year, and yesterday and to-day are the two shortest days of all. Just now the sun gets up very late and goes to bed very early, and we have nearly forgotten what the long summer days were like, when we woke up in sunshine and could play out of doors right up till bedtime. But those long summer days are coming back again now—very slowly, but very surely—until we come to the longest day of all, in the warm, bright, flowery time. People call this winter time by a name that means 'the standing still of the sun,' because it seems as if the sun thought he was really getting too lazy, and stood still just now, and began to go back and give us more light again. ('Solstice.')

How wonderful that the sun always does just the same every year, so that people can be quite sure when the shortest day and the longest day will come, and that he will go steadily on from one to the other! And how wonderful that he stays just where he is, and does not come too near and burn us up, or go far away and let us get frozen, but lets our big earth go round and round him, right round every year, and gives us warmth in spring and summer to make everything grow and ripen! (The astronomy need not be particularly laboured here, if the *certainty* of it all is brought out by whatever language suits best.)

What else do we see in the sky, besides the sun? The moon—she gives us the *months*, as she changes from little new moon to big full moon and back again. The stars—they change their places too, if ever we go out at night and watch them. And the stars help a great many people very much. The sailors watch them, and can tell how to steer their ships; and on land too, in lonely wild places, people 'follow' the stars by night and the sun by day, if they want to take a straight course.

What is the tale about a star that we tell at Christmas-time? (This and the following story should be told, fully or not, according to time and the teacher's judgment, but bringing out the desired point in each case.) That must have been a wonderful star indeed. But *all* the stars are wonderful; every night they are there, whether we can see them or not, and they all keep their places in the sky.

And the other Christmas tale tells of a great light in the sky, over the shepherds

in the field, showing them the angel God had sent to them. That was a wonderful light. Sometimes we do see strange beautiful lights in the sky, and lovely colours when the sun is rising or setting. But *every* day the light that God sends us is a wonderful thing.

Last week we talked about faithful people doing their work. Don't you think sun and moon and stars are faithful too? But most faithful of all is their great Master, and he is God our Father. Whether we are strangers and pilgrims, or working at home, he still makes the skies help us with his lovingkindness.

For his mercies aye endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

### XLVIII.—God's Never-ending Care

December 29th.—Ps. $77^{10-13}$.

I will remember thy wonders of old,' v. 11.

Have you all had a happy Christmas? I wonder if you have all made a happy one for somebody else too. Who has thought about those little brothers and sisters that fly about and chirp for crumbs? It is nice if we can remember to put some out for the wee birds in this cold weather. How starved they do look sometimes, chattering under the edge of the roof!

Did you ever think about the birds away in the country, where there are no people to put out crumbs? How do they get on in the winter time? They have no nests to keep them warm, for you know the nests are only just for the baby birds in spring. No, the birds simply fly about, and pick up what they can—berries or seeds—and somehow they do keep alive and warm and happy. Some of them even sing right through the winter—the robin redbreast and the thrush. Those birds that really couldn't stay here in the cold fly away over the sea to a warmer place, and come back in springtime. How is it that they are all so happy and bright, and seem to know just what is best to do?

There is a little song that begins—

I'm only a little sparrow,
A bird of low degree;
My life is of little value,
But 'twas God who gave it me.

And the little sparrow tells how God keeps him warm, and shows him where to get food, and guides him everywhere he goes. He says—

I fly through the thickest forest,
I light on many a spray,
I've neither chart nor compass,
Yet I never lose my way,
But fold my wings at twilight,
Wherever I happen to be,
For I know there is Someone watching
That no harm may come to me.

So that is why the little sparrow feels happy and safe in the winter time—because the great Father is taking care of him, even when there is nobody else near. He flies through new, strange places, but is never afraid.

When Jesus wanted to stop people from being afraid and worrying, he told them to think of the birds, and how they were always happy and knew that God would take care of them; and he said that people ought to feel sure of that too. We are coming to the very end of this year, and before next Sunday there will be a *new year* begun. We don't know what will happen in the new year, do we? The sun and moon and stars will go on just the same, and the spring and summer will come, but all kinds of strange things might happen, too. We are something like Abraham, going away into a new country, and not knowing what it will be like. But Abraham did know that God was taking care of him all the time, and we know that too. He does not only make the great sun and moon and stars do their work, but he watches over each little bird and flower, and each little child too. And he takes care of us all every year; he took care of Abraham long ago, and baby Moses, and baby Jesus, and all the little children and grown-up people and creatures that have been in the world all these many, many years. It is very hard to understand how wonderful and great God is; but we will try to think how kind and loving he is, and how he cares for the birds and cares for us, and will help us every day. Then we will say—

All the way before us thou alone dost know;
O lead us, Heavenly Father, singing as we go.

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When we speak of the ethics of Jesus we mean especially his insistence upon inward purity, on self-control, on self-sacrifice, on patience, humility, gentleness, and love. He was one who had gained the power to conquer ill-regulated passion, whose thoughts were noble, whose mind was free from envy, jealousy, base anger, and ambition. He lived a free, strong, courageous life. He obeyed with the perfect trust of a little child the commands of the Divine voice within.—*Henry Gow.*

# THE MAKING OF A NORTH COUNTRY SUNDAY SCHOOL

J. LONSDALE COX

CAN any one think of or mention Sion, without thinking of or mentioning Sion's Sunday school? Within its walls, thousands were taught to read and write who never would have been able to do either, but for the instruction they received there. Public men, mayors, aldermen, town councillors, members of parliament, were scholars in the school, teachers in the classes, speakers at its meetings before they took their places in the big world outside; and their ability to do the work they accomplished was largely due to the training and experience they got while working for, and in, the Sunday school and the church at Sion.

'Sion Chapel Sunday School, Halifax.
Instituted August 6th, 1816.

'At a special meeting of the friends desirous of promoting the Independent Interest at Sion Chapel, it was unanimously resolved:

'That there should be a Sunday school established and connected with the congregation worshipping at Sion Chapel.

Five days later, August 11th, 1816. 'Present: S. Hodgson, jr., Henry Rawson, Jonn. Vickerman, John Whitley, James Wild, W. Birtwistle, D. Porter, J. Bates, and J. Nicholl.' It was decided that school hours be from nine o'clock to ten o'clock in the morning in the winter months from October to March, and from half after eight o'clock to ten in the morning from April to October, and from one to two o'clock at noonday.

'The following friends proffered their services as teachers:

| | |
|---|---|
| James Wild. | Abraham Hanson. |
| Harry Rawson. | James Wilson. |
| James Nicholl. | Jonathan Vickerman. |

The schools conclude in the morning and at noon by singing a Hymn and prayer.'

That was the beginning of Sion Sunday school.

'March 29, 1832. At a General meeting, Chairman, John Denniston, the teachers were informed that the officers had received an intimation that one of the congregation was about to erect a building in the neighbourhood of "the Clarke's Bridge"; and that he was disposed to make an upper storey, suitable for a schoolroom, if the teachers of this place would undertake the management of it. A. Dennison, W. Wood, J. Midgley were appointed to wait upon the person above alluded to (say Joseph Smith, and have done with it), to enquire more particularly what were his own intentions; and to communicate our readiness to accept his offer.

July 24, 1832. The minute book says: 'That Mark Thompson and James Best be officers for the new school.' And on Aug. 19, 1832: 'That a public tea be provided and tickets sold to defray the expense of fitting out the new school, being thought more practicable than collecting.' This was the beginning of Cripplegate Branch.

March 22, 1846. At a meeting held a short time after this date, but before May, it was decided 'that Marsh Delves school should be tried for six months. The following persons offered their services: Blackburn Heap, Geo. Hallewell, Moses Dean, and Wm. Cheetham.' This was the beginning of Southowram Branch school.

Dec. 6, 1831. A note from Square was read at a teachers' meeting, stating that 'A few teachers were wanted at Norwood Green school, it being almost destitute.'

'It was agreed to send teachers from this school one month, if Square would take it next month and so on for succeeding months. About sixteen teachers gave in their names as willing to go.' And so the sixteen volunteers tramped to Norwood Green to relieve its destitution, and as they mounted the Godley Pass and went their way we can imagine them singing the old Jewish marching psalm, 'I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills from whence cometh my help.'

The VI resolution at a Teachers' Meeting, May 25, 1835, reads: 'That Mr. Charles Denholme, with one teacher from Square, take the management of Shelf school for the next six months.' Evidently the missionary fire burned strongly in those early days, and the needy who cried in their distress found ready helpers at Sion.

So Sion's great venture of a Sunday school was got under way, and Nov. 24, 1816, Mr. James Wild was voted president for three months, to be at the school every Sunday at nine o'clock to see that each class had a teacher; and the shortage, if any, was to be made good by the senior

scholars in the first and second classes. The first half-hour was to be spent in spelling. The sand-box was an institution, and the Bible was conned and studied in three parts—Bibles bought and cut into three parts—not running to a whole copy for each person. The school closed punctually at ten o'clock in the morning and a quarter after two at noon, and the following friends were requested to engage in prayer at the close of the school at noon during the ensuing month:

| | |
|---|---|
| Wm. Baldwin. | Mordecai Patterson. |
| H. Rawson. | S. Hodgson, Jr. |

As December began to close, ambitious visions of a treat of coffee and cake for the Sunday scholars rose before the Committee. Would Square join us in a preliminary service? December 18th Square said it would, and would be willing to make the service annual, on Christmas Day; and for a beginning invited us to Square on the coming 25th, and Pastor Cockin would give an address to the scholars, which duly came off.

The Treat also came off, and for the edification of all men here are the items:

Mr. John Hodgson gave 2½ stones flour,
Mr. William Baldwin gave 8lb sugar,
Mr. David Porter gave 2lb. coffee,
Mr. Henry Rawson gave cream,
and J. Nichol made and baked the cake.

The balance sheet as set forth in this first Sunday school statement was:

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| S. Hodgson, Junr. | £0 | 3 | 0 |
| S. Hodgson, Senr. | 0 | 3 | 0 |
| G. Naylor | 0 | 3 | 0 |
| John Farrar | 0 | 3 | 0 |
| John Haigh | 0 | 3 | 0 |
| John Baldwin | 0 | 3 | 0 |
| S. Dickinson | 0 | 3 | 0 |
| Miss Priscilla Medley | 0 | 3 | 0 |
| Subscriptions besides the above | £1 | 4 | 0 |

By Expenses—

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Currants, Butter, Spices for Cake | £1 | 0 | 8½ |
| Loan of Pots | 0 | 1 | 0 |
| Fixing tables, etc. | 0 | 2 | 3½ |
| (*sic*) | £1 | 4 | 4 |

Sion's first treat, with war prices not yet done away; and only in the summer of last year Bonaparte stricken to the dust for good.

Eventually the organisations employed in the active work of the Sunday school were: The parent school meeting in the room under the chapel, afterwards removed to the present room in Winding Road, 1866; a subsidiary Sunday school carried on in the Day school, Victoria Street East; the Branch school at Cripplegate; and the school at Southowram in the new premises built 1861, after the old Marsh Delves schoolroom had been used forty-seven years. The total number on the roll lists at one time was over eighteen hundred teachers and scholars.

At the opening of the new Sunday school in 1867, the Rev. James Parsons said that he always cherished a warm affection for 'little Sion,' the place where he preached his first sermon. Truly 'the little one had become a thousand and the small one a strong nation.'

### More Sunday School Bits

The President, Mr. J. Wild, reported, Feb. 2, 1817, 61 girls and 79 boys, total 140, on the rolls. By Nov. 2 of the same year the number had grown to 230.

Children learning forty questions in the Assembly's Catechism were rewarded with a tract; those learning the whole of it, with a New Testament. Martha and Jonas Jowett got 'Fawcett's Advice to Youth' for learning the Assembly's Catechism, said Fawcett being a man of renown, one of the great men of the Baptists in these regions, and author of the hymn 'Blest be the tie that binds.'

William Porter, Henry Green, J. Jowett (father of Martha and Jonas already mentioned), and John Farrar were invited at this time to attend in rotation at the close of the school to engage in prayer before dismissal.

On Oct. 4, taking early thought, we informed the friends at Square Chapel of our wish to unite in a public service to be held in Sion Chapel on Christmas Day, Dec. 25, 1817.

Nov. 2, we got a dozen Bibles and bound them in three parts for the use of the school. Also the meeting that settled this item decided 'that select pieces be committed to memory by the junior classes, to be said in public on Christmas Day.

A famous meeting of Trustees and Managers, held Dec. 7, 1817, decided that the following Committee, Miss Priscilla

Medley, Miss Naylor, Miss Stocks, Messrs. William Porter, H. Rawson, J. Haigh, J. Stocks, and W. B. (query William Baldwin) look after the treat on Christmas Day, which shall be of spice cake and coffee, dispensed in the school room; that a breakfast be prepared for teachers precisely at eight o'clock on Christmas Day morning, and that the ladies only take the management of the breakfast into their own hands.

This meeting on Christmas Day was very noteworthy, and the full programme of its engagements is written out for posterity in the careful writing of Mr. John Farrar, thus:

December 25, 1817. Halifax.

'Public service held at the Square Chapel (not Sion) at which the

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Square Chapel | Sunday Scholars | & | Teachers |
| Sion | do. | do. | do. |
| Babtist (*sic*) | | do. | do. |
| Warley | do. | do. | do. |
| Salterhebble | | do. | do. |

attended.

Order of Services as follows:

Mr. John Whitley led off the 303 Hymn in Bristol Collection.

Rev. Ed. Parsons, minister Sion Chapel, prayed.

Mr. K. Patterson, 210 Hymn.

A girl from Square Chapel S.S. repeated the 49 Psalm.

A girl from Sion Chapel repeated the 19 Psalm.

A girl from the Babtist (*sic*) Chapel S.S. repeated 2nd Isaiah.

A girl from the Warley Chapel S.S. repeated 80 Psalm.

A Boy from the Square Chapel Sunday School repeated 6th Hebrews.

A Boy from the Sion Chapel Sunday School repeated 53 Isaiah.

A Boy from the Babtist Chapel Sunday School repeated 6 Ephesians.

Mr. E. Bates led off the 211 Hymn.

A Boy from the Warley Chapel Sunday School repeated 62 Isaiah.

Mr. John Baldwin led off Christ's Coronation Hymn.

The Rev. J. Cockin delivered an address, and the Rev. Mr. Hawkins, minister Warley chapel, gave an address to the Teachers, and the Rev. Mr. Ackroyd, minister of the Babtist Chapel, Chapel Town, concluded with prayer.'

Truly a notable performance, and despite its lapse in spelling, infinitely to the credit of all who took part in the gathering.

January 4, 1818. Establishment of a Library recommended, that should be for the use of Teachers in the school and of the congregation.

Feb. 1. A meeting held this day recommends the adoption of a plan for the religious instruction of the children in the higher classes on the Sabbath evenings between 5 o'clock and 6-30, and that the Rev. Ed. Parsons be respectfully requested to give an address to the parents, the children, and the teachers every six months, viz., the first Sabbath in May and the first in November. April 12, parents only invited to hear Pastor Parson's first address.

May 3. Roll list numbered 302 scholars, 176 Boys and 126 Girls.

May 9. Our borders are too narrow. Messrs. S. Hodgson and G. Walker must obtain a suitable room for us. One got somewhere (place not stated, but identified, Dec. 7, 1819, as Providence Row), and five junior classes taught there on trial.

Dec. 6, 1818. Roll list contained 404 scholars, 71 teachers.

February 7, 1819. Mr. Birtwhistle first school secretary, and on June 13 he was requested to attend every Sunday to give out Bibles and Testaments and Hymn Books. It was also ordained that subscriptions for the same be collected from eight to nine o'clock in the morning.

Dec. 7, 1819. The following unique resolution is entered: 'That a treat should be given to the children composed of a Bun.'

This Christmas Treat resulted in a profit of 8s. 10d., and the same was kept in hand for the next similar occasion.

Feb. 8, 1820. The meeting of this date and the two previous meetings were held at Square, great building operations going on at Sion for the new chapel.

Feb. 13. A meeting was held to make choice of a minister to preach a 'Charity sermon' in behalf of the funds of the school. The term now survives only in some far away country schools, where the Anniversary is still spoken of as 'The Charity.'

Rev. Samuel Fletcher, of Blackburn, invited.

April 4, 1820. Step in advance of Jan. 4, 1818. Resolved 'That a Sunday School Library be established for the use of the scholars connected with Sion Chapel.' In this year of grace 1912 the consideration is, whether or not the Sunday School Library

be closed, so little use of it being made!

The children all partook of coffee and cake on Whit Monday, June 11, 1821, and afterwards assembled in Sion Chapel with all the schools in the Union. On the following day the Annual Meeting of the school was held, and the report was read by one of the secretaries.

On Sunday evening, Aug. 4, 1822, it being a matter of urgency, James Crabtree was appointed Binder and Repairer of the books for the school and Library, at a salary of a pound a year besides charges for the repairing.

April 1, 1823. Anniversary day coming on apace, it was appointed that Mr. Walker, Mr. Batty, and Mr. Dennison give out the Hymns for the morning service of the Anniversary; Mr. Rawson, Mr. Smith, and Mr. Gray to do the same in the evening.

Trouble arising about keeping the classes distinct it was decided, Aug. 5, 1824, 'That the numbers of the classes be painted on the backs of the seats. That the children be allowed to stand in time of prayer, for one month!'

'That a clock be placed in the school,' which was done, clock still in existence.

'That Mr. Haigh be requested to pay for the clock.' Bearing out Solomon's aphorism that there is nothing new under the sun, Oct. 30 records 'that a drill class be formed'; also that a class be formed denominated 'The Bad Class' for the reception of children whose conduct is habitually bad—poor teachers!

June 5, 1825. James Barraclough 'is to stop in the school room until John McKissock returns to take care of them.'

Sept. 4, 1825. Highly necessary to have a Sick Society. Persons to stand in the Chapel in the morning, Isaac Nichol, Charles Balmforth, and Mr. Geo. Walker, also James Crabtree, John Dennison, and Peter and his friend. Peter and his friend appear to have been successful caretakers, for they were appointed to do duty in the school as well.

Jan. 1, 1826. The Sick Society was established, and John Edwards, known to some yet remaining, was the first collector.

Mr. Parsons was requested on Feb. 5 to select the Hymns for the Anniversary, and to have them ready this day fortnight.

We are informed on March 4 that the Hymns had been successfully chosen, and one thousand copies printed by Mr. Holdsworth, who was also to advertise the Anniversary services. Preacher, Mr. James Parsons. The congregations at these services were so great that the children were kept from going into the chapel in the evening.

One or two meetings at this time are reported by a very illiterate pen, as will be seen by the following resolution, June 2, 1826: 'It was allso agreed that James Crabtree should get 100 small speling Books for the School.'

In October of this year we find that 'Peter,' who with his friend did doughty service in looking after the scholars, turns out to be Peter Dalziel.

Meeting held May 6, 1827, arranged that the children have a treat on Whit Monday; that it be a tea; that the baking of the cake be given to Grace Coe, and that the weight of the cakes be left to Joseph Smith; also a committee was appointed to select officers for the ensuing year.

On June 3 a Teachers' meeting was held which decreed that the officers be chosen for the ensuing year after the children have had their treat on Whit Monday. Among other things settled was 'the Teachers shall have some refreshment provided after the children have had theirs,' and that there be six quarts of new milk and two quarts of cream. Mr. P. K. Holdsworth and Mr. John Baldwin were appointed to catechise the children belonging to Sion Chapel School for one month from Feb. 8, 1829; and on March 1 the choosing of a minister to preach the anniversary sermons was left to Mr. S. Hodgson.

Sept. 6. A class was formed called a Monitor Class of boys and girls, so that the vacant classes be supplied from it.

Nov. 15. A resolution provided that the children be taught to write on Wednesday and Friday evenings, and that John Denniston, J. Naylor, John Edwards, Messrs. Young, Taylor, James Ellis, and J. Haigh be the committee therefor.

1830. May 2. It was agreed that the children's treat on Whit Monday be the same as last year, and that the Superintendent and Secretaries form a committee to manage the treat, and that the teachers partake of the fragments. As our French friends would say 'autre temps autre mœurs.' Would the teachers of 1912 be content with the fragments left of the children's treat?

# CHILDREN'S SERVICES

GEORGE JESSEL, M.A., M.B.

I PROPOSE to give a brief account of some children's services, which have been successfully held on Sunday mornings, in the hope that the subject may be of interest to those connected with our smaller Sunday schools. It is probably more helpful to give precise details of what has actually been done, with comments on the experience thereby obtained, than to indulge in vague generalisations.

Let me then begin by describing the circumstances under which these modest services came into being. While a student at Oxford, it was my good fortune to be connected with the Charles Street Institute, which was founded and superintended by Miss Jemima Upton. It may seem presumptuous on my part to speak in her praise, but I must testify to the admiration for her unique gifts and the devotion, which were felt by all who were privileged to work with her. The Institute is situated in a poor part of Oxford, and has done excellent work for the children of the neighbourhood, largely owing to assistance given since its foundation by friends and students of Manchester College. At the time when I first joined the teaching staff of the Institute there was an afternoon school of about seventy, and an evening service for adults. I must mention at this point that, though there are services each Sunday morning at Manchester College, about half a mile distant, there is no real Unitarian congregation in Oxford. I came to feel more and more that our children, though well supplied with religious teaching, were in need of something on Sunday mornings to take the place in some degree of a chapel service. Whereas, however, the usual chapel service can of necessity only contain a small portion directly for the children, it was the aim of the services which I initiated and carried on for over two years to give the children a bright and happy devotional service all to themselves.

Having, then, obtained the necessary permission, and disregarding the usual doubts and fears of the timorous, we began one Sunday morning. The hour chosen was 10 a.m. to 11 a.m., but this of course is purely a matter of local convenience. During most of the time we were very fortunate in obtaining the help of a friend, who was invaluable at the piano. He also rendered useful assistance in other ways, e.g., in keeping the younger children quiet during the address. The choice of pianist is not unimportant. In cases where the services are conducted by a young man or woman, a pianist of the same sex will probably prove most satisfactory, especially if the two are friends and have enthusiasm for the work. In other cases it might prove advantageous to have a man and a woman present. Circumstances would probably influence a decision on this matter, and there is often great difficulty in getting anyone to volunteer. In any case there must be perfect harmony and co-operation between the two. Finally, one of the elder scholars marked the attendances on 'Star' attendance cards, which the children brought with them each time. Thus the staff consisted of two adults and an elder scholar. In places, where teachers are scarce, the morning service seems an excellent way of getting over the difficulty of morning school.

Now as to the service itself. Two ideas were ever in our minds. Firstly, simplicity in thought and utterance, and secondly, the full use of music and singing. As regards the former, the prayers and address were worded in simple language, such as young children could readily understand. I was unable to find a collection of prayers, which in my opinion adequately fulfilled this purpose. I therefore wrote my own for the first fifty-two weeks. In them I endeavoured to bring out in simple fashion the ideas of God as our loving Father, and of Jesus as our elder brother, who went about doing good and taught us to follow his example. Being in a country district, I could refer to the beauty of trees, flowers, birds, the river, and the countryside, and thus indirectly encourage the children to leave their mean homes and streets in search of these. Finally, the domestic virtues, such as truthfulness, helpfulness at home, and so on were not forgotten. The address usually occupied from five to seven minutes, and was sufficiently long in my opinion to hold the attention of ordinary children. Some striking event or incident was made the text of a definite practical lesson. It is always advisable to deal with concrete things in addressing children. The true meaning of the word 'educate,' 'to lead

or bring out,' is often forgotten by teachers. It is far better to arrive at doctrines through concrete illustrations than to teach abstract ideas. The natural order is to pass from simple to complex. For this reason the teaching of the Church of England creed to young children has always seemed to me unscientific. It is not easy at first to hold the attention of children. Mere academic learning is useless, but a love of children, with some recollection of what appealed to oneself as a child, will at length meet with due reward.

As to the music. We used to sing three or four hymns with bright attractive tunes. The hymns were chosen from the Sunday School Hymn-book (Essex Hall), and in particular the less familiar, so that we were constantly learning new ones, whilst not forgetting the old. We did not necessarily use the tunes in the corresponding tune-book, as in my opinion prettier tunes can be found in the 'Bristol' tune-book and elsewhere. In addition the children sang the responses in the 'Services for Children' published at Essex Hall, these being taken in turn.

An important feature of our services was the singing of the parables set to music by the late Mr. Hugh Atkins. The children became very fond of them, and could sing them remarkably well. We used to spend a few minutes learning a line or two of a new one, and then repeat those we knew. There is no doubt that children enjoy singing. It serves to release some of their exuberant energy, and moreover the memory of such tuneful pieces is likely to crowd out the less desirable so-called 'comic' songs.

We had no difficulty in getting a regular attendance of those who once came. The difficulty was that many mothers kept their children at home to help in housework while in other cases the younger children could not be 'got ready' in time. Our average attendance was about twenty-five, or about a third of the afternoon attendance, which is a fairly high percentage as compared with the morning attendance elsewhere. One advantage of our small numbers was the lack of severity in our proceedings. The children were made to feel comfortable and to realise that the service was for them, while the feeling of reverence was preserved. We used to give small prizes for regular attendance and good behaviour, and these were earned by almost all those on the books. In this way most of the children came to possess their own hymn-books.

Subsequently it became necessary to obtain some one to take the services on alternate Sundays, and here again we were very fortunate. The children thus had a change, but I am not sure whether it is not preferable for one person to take the services regularly, and to mark special occasions by having a visitor. We were honoured in this way by visits from Professor Carpenter, the late Miss Marian Pritchard, Dr. Edwin Odgers, and others who conducted the services occasionally. A visit was also paid by many students who attended the Summer School for Sunday School Teachers at Oxford in 1908.

There is no doubt that to be connected with such a work, as I have endeavoured to describe, is a source of real pleasure, and very happy hours can be spent among children in this way. In places where, for various reasons, which I have hinted at above, such services seem desirable, there need be no hesitation on the part of workers in taking up the task, for the trouble will be more than amply repaid.

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## FRIENDS AND FOES

A Morality

H. W. HAWKES

Characters:

*Christian* (adult) and *Boy* and *Girl*.

Evils: *Envy, Hatred, Malice, Greed, War, Drink*, etc.

Virtues: *Faith, Hope, Love, Joy, Peace, Long-suffering, Goodness, Faithfulness, Meekness, Temperance* (these last seven may be younger girls as they do not speak).

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*Christian. A boy and girl, sleeping.*

*Christian.* Awake, dear human boy and girl!
Awake!
Full long in ignorance and innocence
Ye have been slumbering, guarded from all ill
And all unknowing of the troubled strife
Through which each soul must win its heavenly crown.
Awake and hearken.

*Boy and girl awake.*

*Boy.* Did I hear a voice
That bid me rouse? Dear sister, did you hear?

*Girl.* I think I did, but far away it seemed
As if 'twere someone up a mountain high
And I was in the valley down below.

*Sees Chris.*
Oh, Sir! did *you* arouse us from our sleep?

*Chris.* I did, my child! 'Tis time you were awake
And starting on a journey all must fare
If they would do the bidding of the King.

*Boy.* Pray, tell us who you are and whence you come.

*Chris.* Men call me Christian, tho' I scarcely dare
To claim a name so high, so wonderful.
No matter whence I come. The King I serve
Has bidden me to seek his little ones
And start them safely on their holy quest.

*Girl.* Good Sir, pray tell us more. We do not know.
What quest, what journey you are speaking of.

*Chris.* You are too young to fully understand
What lies before you. As you travel on
The way will open out and you will know
Not all, but much of what your quest must be.
It is enough that you should make the start
With purpose firm, and faith assured and strong.

*Boy.* Good Master Christian, if that be your name
Is the road easy, is it safe and sure,
Or are there dangers we must journey through?
We are but young and feeble. Can we stand
The perils and the toil which may betide?

*Chris.* The King will care for that and guide your steps.
If you be faithful, watchful, full of zeal.

*Girl.* Pray can you tell us what the dangers are
And what must be the way to 'scape them all!

*Chris.* I will, dear child. Keep closely at my side
And I will summon up in human form
The foes you yet may meet in conflict stern,
The friends whose help may speed you on your way.
These are but phantoms with no power to hurt,
But airy visions with no power to bless,
Yet mark them well, for later they may come
With ban or blessing, real as life itself.
Then, should they gather so around your path,
Resist the foes, give friends a welcome true
So may you journey safely to your bourne.
*The boy and girl gather closely to Christian.*

*C.* (*loudly*). Shadows of evil; passions base and vile,
Foes of the human race, Appear! Appear!
*Enter rout of Evils, quarrelling noisily. Envy, Hatred, Malice, Greed, War, Drink, etc., etc.*

*Envy.* I do most harm.

*Hatred.* Not you!

*Malice.* Nor *you*. 'Tis I.
Who stir up strifes and foster enmity!

*Envy.* I'm Envy, and I creep into the heart
And there breed Jealousy. I make friends part;
Each angry that the other one should be
More rich, more famed, more talented than he;
And so my poison spreads; it breeds its woes
And turns the closest friends to bitterest foes.

*Hatred.* Well said indeed, sly Envy! *You* begin
The human battle *I* go on to win.
When Jealousy has done its work *I* come
And in the angry heart I make my home.
I haunt the hours of midnight and of day
And Hatred to all pity bars the way.
I prompt the hand to strike the deadly blow
That swiftly lays the hated rival low;
Then, all unseen, I chuckle in my glee
To see the murderer pay the penalty!

*Malice.* 'Tis very true! All must concede
That Hatred prompts full many a deed
Which works swift harm to hated foe
And in a moment lays him low.
But *I* do worse and breed more ill
The human race with woe to fill.
If you, black Hatred, mark a man
And put him underneath your ban,
*I* dog his steps by night and day;
Put stumbling-blocks across his way;
Turn friends to foes; make foes more keen;
Surround his life with ills unseen;
Destroy his faith in human-kind
And make him to their virtues blind.
If Envy starts and Hatred mends
Sure Malice bitterest poison lends.
Give me your hand (*to Envy*) and yours (*to Hatred*), we three
By union shall the mightier be!

*Greed.* Yes! Envy and Hatred and Malice are strong,
But *I* am the evil that works the most wrong.
When I take possession I open the door
By which *ye* may enter. I covet the store
Which another possesses, and straight I begin
To make a man's heart like a hell full of sin.
I grab and I clutch and I fight and I steal:
The more that I get, the more hungry I feel,
Till Conscience is dead and till Honesty's flown,
And all things are dross till I make them my own.
Yet when they are mine they have lost all their charms.
Possession but fills me with nameless alarms.
I dream of the robber, the burglar, the thief,
And when I awake I still find no relief.
Suspicions and panics fill life full of fears
And each man I meet as a foeman appears.
. . . When once I have got foolish men in my power
They become like myself. Life's sweetness turns sour.
They pile up their riches, increase their fat hoard,
In service of Mammon their life-blood is poured,
Yet the shadow of Death casts a blight on their gold
For which they have bartered life's treasures untold.
The riches they worship all canker and rust.
Then 'Ashes to ashes, and Dust unto dust!'

*War.* Bah! Hold your peace, ye noisy, bloodless crew!
I grant some piecemeal mischief ye can do,
And even pave the way that leads to War.
Envy and Hatred can corrupt the core
Of mighty nations who should be allies:
Can turn to foolishness the statesmen wise
And make them see offences rank and high
Where once existed bonds of amity!
And Malice, dropping words of slanderous spite,
To ancient grudges puts a kindling light,
That sets whole millions in a sudden blaze
Till reason is dethroned by passion's craze.
E'en more than these Greed opes the way for me,
The flag of Empire flaunts for men to see,

But 'neath its folds the lust of conquest hides
Which laughs at Right, and Liberty derides.
'Give me more lands,' cries Greed. 'More room for trade,
Send armies forth weak countries to invade.
Heed not the fools who prate of honor lost;
Increase my wealth, no matter at what cost!'
Then *I* begin to reap what ye have sown,
And on the battlefield come to my own.
Where Hatred stabs *one* foe *I* murder scores.
My sword goes flashing and my cannon roars:
I mow the swathes with deadly mitrailleuse;
The mines explode where burns the creeping fuse;
With bayonet and lance and horses' hoof
I of my lordship give tremendous proof.
I scatter ruin where before was peace:
To every passion vile I give release;
And when the bloodshed and the smoke is o'er,
Men straight make ready for another war!

*Drink.* Well done, red-handed War! Well done!
You tell a glorious tale.
The human race beneath the sun
For peace must ne'er prevail.
If they grow good we lose our sway!
We only thrive on ill!
As long as men *our* rule obey
We are triumphant still.
But *I* would claim the greatest share
In human sin and woe.
The bitterest evils men can bear
To me can trace their flow.
You, blood-stained War, may shoot men down,
*I* rob them of their hire!
*You* leave them bravery's high renown;
*I* drag them in the mire!
*I* wreck their homes, degrade their souls,
Corrupt the springs of life:
I lure them on the treacherous shoals
And laugh to see their strife.
*You* slaughter men, but women spare,
*I* ruin one and all!
The maidens, wives, and children fair
Alike before me fall!
To growing boy and hopeful youth
I offer Pleasure's wine,
Make promises that sound like truth,
And vaunt their joys divine;
Then, when I get them in my clutch
With poisoned will and brain,
I drag them through the vilest slutch
Whence few arise again.
Oh, *you* may boast, and *you*, and *you*,
Each one of victims curst,
But none can beat my hellish brew,
None match the drunkard's thirst.

*Christian comes forward.*

*Chris.* Enough, ye phantom crew! Be silent now!
'Tis well ye are but shadows, with no power
To work the harm ye speak of. All unseen
The sins ye image come to mortal men
And creeping craftily into their hearts
Create confusion, riot, and mad sins
Which bear unholy fruit.
Stand ye aside,
While now I summon forth the spirit forms
Of Virtues, which, if welcomed, guard the heart
From base, intruding passions; giving joy
To lighten sorrow; give sweet peace mid strife,
Bid Hope spring forth 'mid fears, send trust in good
When evil seems to promise quickest gains.

*To Boy and Girl.*

Dear human children, mark, I charge you, well
The homely virtues which may guide your steps
When on the King's great quest ye sally forth.
*These* forms are visible, but never more will be!
Yet, though unseen, the Virtues ever wait
To take abode with all who welcome them.
Make them your friends and never shall you be
Left helpless on your journey. Night and day
They shall make bright the Temple in your hearts
Where dwells the Holy One who giveth all.

*Calls loudly.*

Appear! Appear! ye blessed messengers
Who bring glad tidings of the Heavenly King!
Reveal to these dear babes the Way of Life!

*Enter Faith, Hope, Love, Temperance, Meekness, etc. They come hand in hand, smiling and affectionate.*

*Chris.* Sweet phantom Spirits, tell these children dear
What powers attend them, though invisible,
As on Life's holy Quest they make their way.
Ye represent the greatest things in life,
Which, if received and welcomed, richen it
And make it blest and joyful evermore.

*Faith.* I image Faith: faith that illumes the soul
And makes it see the things invisible:
Faith that the lures of evil can control
And soothes all sorrows by its holy spell.
Faith grapples close and holds the source of Power;
*Believes* not with the *mind* but with the *heart*:
Sees sunshine when the darkest tempests lour
And safely shields when flies the deadly dart.
Faith gives white wings that lift the soul on high
Above the mists, and shows the Gates of Heaven.
Faith, when the hour has come when man must die
Assures the contrite one he is forgiven.
God offers Grace divine: with footsteps swift
Faith runs the onward race and claims the gift.

*Hope.* Dear Sister Faith, from hour to hour
The Present moment owns thy power.
In deadly peril thou art nigh
To bid each swift temptation fly.
But when the warrior sheaths his sword
And weary sinks upon the sward,
Perchance he views the battlefield
And fears to-morrow he may yield.
The struggle seems too long and vast,
With unknown terrors overcast,
Until, disheartened, full of fear,
He dreads the morrow that is near!
Then on my rainbow arch I stand
Which glorifies the distant land:
Which lifts the eyes to heaven above
And seems the robe of heavenly love.
'Hope on!' I cry. 'Hope evermore!
To-morrow shall To-day restore,
But brighter, stronger, more serene
Than Yesterday has ever been!
Be not afraid, oh Warrior bold!
All joys the glad "to-morrows" hold!
Faith for the *Present*, strength ensures;
But for the *Future* Hope endures.
Lift up your eyes! Put doubt away,
Hope heals the hurts of yesterday!'

*Love.* Would that I had a heavenly lyre
Whose strains might every word inspire
To speak the praise of Love.
Would that an Angel's voice were mine

To sing the sweetest song divine,
All human songs above!

Love, the beginning and the end,
The brightest boon kind Heaven can send,
Sweet Love, the Light of Life:
Would I might voice its worthy praise:
Exalt it in resounding lays
And hush all earthly strife.

Only by Love we see the Face
Of Him, the God of Truth and Grace,
And Father of us all.
Only by those can He be known
Whose willing minds and hearts have grown
Obedient to Love's call.

When the Creator had foreseen
And willed in all its wondrous sheen
This beauty-teeming earth;
When from His heart the mighty plan
Grew forth until the primal Man
Came to his lowly birth;

Then like a Star set in his night
To flood his wakening soul with light
And o'er his pathway shine,
God who *is* Love sent forth His love
To win man's soul to things above
And claim him as divine.

O Love, sweet solace of all woe!
O Love that shines on life below
Wherever man has trod;
*Thou*, more than Faith and Hope, hast power
In Life's swift day and Death's dim hour
To lift men up to God!

*Chris.* Enough! when Love exalts the soul of man
All other graces follow. Joy steals in
And wins a smile from lips long drawn in pain:
Peace with her olive-branch bids Strife begone
And heals the wounds of War! 'Long-suffering' stays
The swift impatience which in hasty wrath
Would speak fierce words and wound the loving heart.
Goodness grows strong and drives dark evil out,
While Faithfulness with steadfast, loyal zeal
Upholds the righteous in their worldly strife.
Meekness, like oil upon wild billows cast,
Stills down the angry passions, soothes the soul
Until it sits obedient at the feet
Of heavenly Wisdom, willing to be taught.
Temperance, which puts the bit between the teeth
Of mad desire, holds fast with steady hand
The guiding reins, till Self-control is won.
All these come in and make the Temple bright
Where Love builds up its Altar and its Fire
And is itself its Sacrificial Lamb.
Show, Heavenly Graces, to these children dear
By symbol and by vision your blest power!
Drive forth these base, intruding forms of ill
As in the human soul ye overcome
Their counterparts, the *real* foes of man!

*Peace advances and drives out War. Goodness and Faithfulness drive out Greed. Temperance drives out Drink. Then Love banishes Envy, Hatred, and Malice. All the Virtues then group, Love in the centre, Faith and Hope on either hand, the rest in a semi-circle around them.*

*Chris.* Dear human Boy and Girl. Ye nevermore
Shall see with earthly eyes what now has passed
In phantom form before you. None the less
Invisibly ye will be ever called
To fight the fight of Faith; to run the course
For which the King has sent you to this world;
Tempted by ills, defended by the power
Of heavenly graces, if ye will it so!
I bid you rouse and start your holy quest,
Until, your journey ended, ye find Rest.

SUGGESTIONS.

SCENE: Any plain background, Curtains, Screens, etc., no furniture.

DRESSES: The Virtues all in white, long dresses, hanging sleeves, made Grecian fashion, or set in yokes and straight to ground.

EVILS: Either all in black or emblematic colours. For example: Envy, shades of green; Hatred, black with flashes of lightning in red or gold running from shoulder to hem; Malice, blue with red daggers up and down; Greed, sordid brown, an empty cash box chained to arms or feet; War, scarlet all over and sword; Drink, ragged, with bottles and mugs slung round, and a jug in hand. All dresses tunic shaped to knees headdresses to taste, or bareheaded.

All characters, Virtues and Evils, to have their names clearly printed either on scrolls across their breasts, or on ornamental cards on the top of wands. To be kept facing the audience always.

## BY THE WAY

HOME UNIVERSITY LIBRARY (Williams and Norgate, 1/- net). THE AMERICAN CIVIL WAR, Frederic L. Paxson. This book is written with enthusiasm and the oft told tale gains in the telling. The vast operations, the wide field over which they were waged, and the rise of the men who at long last brought victory to the Union forces are indicated in masterly fashion. The reader cannot evade the political lessons which are set forth with great skill. But California in our own day has insisted upon the sovereign rights of each State of the Union and there has been no civil war. The book consists of twelve chapters, two of which are devoted to the commanding and transcendent personalities of Lincoln and Grant. When enemies tried to discredit Grant in the eyes of the President his reply was 'I can't spare this man; he fights'; and when, in 1864, Grant prepared his plans for the final campaign, Lincoln expressed his confidence by writing 'The particulars of your plan I neither know, nor seek to know.'

CANADA, A. G. Bradley. We turned to this book with high anticipation, as well as with thankfulness that the story of the Dominion, from the conquest down to to-day, should be within the purchasing power of the humblest imperialist. A good way of celebrating 'Empire Day' would be for citizens of empire to make it a time for considering the additions to their knowledge of the daughter nations beyond the seas. This book will help towards this, but it is not up to the standard of the HOME UNIVERSITY LIBRARY. It needs careful revision. Some of the sentences defy analysis, e.g., 'Responsible Government did

not come even now suddenly and loud proclamation' (p. 117). What is the reason for 'most unique' (p. 58) and for 'quite unique' (p. 158). A thing is unique or not, and there is an end of it.

CLIMATE AND WEATHER, H. N. Dickson, M.A. We more than half expect to learn that the first edition of Dr. Dickson's book has been sold out. The vagaries of the weather during the past months should make this book an entrancing subject of study during the winter. But when we have learned all we can about climate and weather, we shall just look out of our windows in the early morning and wonder what the day will bring forth. Dr. Dickson's book will help us to explain what happens, but the weather will be as independent as ever.

ANTHROPOLOGY, by R. R. Marrett, M.A. This fascinating book is a wonderful tabloid form. It has chapters on antiquity, race, environment, language, law, religion, and morality: chapters that rivet the attention throughout. The reader learns that the old ideas about race as something hard and fast for all time, are distinctly on the decline. The power of adaptation to environment has to be admitted to a greater share in the moulding of mind and even of body than ever before. Human history reveals itself as a bewildering series of interpenetrations, and human nature has surmounted physical determinations and obstacles in a way to which the animal world affords no parallel. Man's prerogative has been to dominate his world by intelligence of a high order, and in this book the reader finds the stepping stones. As the rock and stone, implement and bone, intermingled with mother earth tell the mysterious universe-story, the exclamation of wonder is choked by a sigh that we lack the means of carrying back the history of human speech to its first beginnings. We read of kinship, blood revenge, punishment, quarrels and spoils; of the growth of tribal law and community; and of the manifestation of the life-force pressing forward through social organisation in the search for individuality and freedom. The book is well worth possessing and reading. The end of it leaves the reader still thinking.

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THE SEVENTY-EIGHTH ANNUAL REPORT of the Sunday School Association contains the Committee's report, digests of reports from district societies (admirably done), financial statement, list of members and subscribers, Sunday school statistics, report of anniversary proceedings, list of papers read 1890–1911, lantern slides for school use, and catalogue of teachers' reference library. A copy will be sent, free, on application.

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STORIES FOR THE LITTLE ONES (Essex Hall, 1/- net). The book and the boy aged 4, as told by his mother. 'The book is a huge success. At first he thought it rather a failure as it had no pictures, but after I had read him one story there was no peace. 7-30 a.m. he arrived in my bed to have another read to him, and after his supper at night he got round nurse to read him another before bed time, and all day he had it with him begging for stories to be read. I couldn't keep up with him in learning them to tell him, and he would march off with the book to get nurse to read to him when he had exhausted me. I wish you could have seen his face when I half read and half told him the story of the two little foxes trying to play at "quarrelling"—"This is my stone." His face was a study. It went home. The stories are capital, short, and so well told. Over one he burst into laughter, and nurse could hardly finish it they were both laughing so.'

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SUNDAY EVENINGS IN THE COLLEGE CHAPEL, Francis Greenwood Peabody (Constable & Co., 5/- net). The book is dedicated to Dr. Eliot, until recently President of Harvard University. Dr. Peabody is a forceful preacher whom we could wish to hear on this side of the Atlantic. He illuminates his text as only those preachers can who have been 'baptised with the spirit.' Lay preachers, P.S.A. workers, and others, including those who have to prepare addresses for scholars' services in the north of England, will find this a collection of valuable and suggestive sermons. We have read with much satisfaction the sermons on *The Christian Doctrine of Social Service* and *A Broad Place*, the latter delivered at the two hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the founding of Harvard College.

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STORIES FOR YOUNG HEARTS AND MINDS, F. J. Gould (Essex Hall, 2/6 net). Some of these forty-nine stories have appeared in the SUNDAY SCHOOL QUARTERLY, and our readers will be glad to get hold of more of the same sort. Mr. Gould tells a lesson-story with great skill. The moral comes out of itself, and, with careful preparation, teachers will find scholars themselves driving home the point of each lesson.

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FAVOURITE STORIES, selected and edited by E. Pritchard and J. J. Wright (Sunday School Association, 1/- net). The editors are to be congratulated on the way in which they have done their work. Their compilation will be invaluable to teachers and to those who, aside from religious organisation, have charge of children in whom they wish to see develop the manly and the God-fearing spirit. At the end of each story are set down 'Memory Points' to help teacher and parent to *tell* the story with the best effect.

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VOICE PRODUCTION AND THE AID OF PHONETICS, Charles Macan Rice, Chaplain of King's College, Cambridge (Heffer & Sons, Ltd., 1/6 net). Mr. Rice truly observes: 'The use of the voice in a room of more than ordinary size demands a considerable bodily effort, the necessary skill for which can only be obtained by special preparation,' and in a series of excellent chapters he indicates the way in which this skill may be acquired. Voice production is a healthy exercise. 'Vocalisation is the act of producing vowel-sounds' and the saying is itself no mean exercise in dis-articulation, though not so searching as the tongue-twister 'Pain nobody; chaste stars.' Quiet study of this book and the practice of its precepts will help readers and speakers to attain greater fullness of voice, richness of tone, and clearness of utterance, and prevent any temptation to tear through in twenty minutes a sermon which requires fifty.

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ALCOHOL AND MODERN LIFE, J. Lionel Tayler, M.R.C.S. (Essex Hall, 3d.). One of the very best temperance pamphlets we have ever seen.